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CONTENTS.

I. THE LAWS RELATING TO LAND.	By Sir	
James F. Stephen,	<i>National Review</i> ,	707
II. THE BEWITCHED HOUSE,	<i>All The Year Round</i> ,	716
III. LORD MELBOURNE,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	721
IV. A CHAMPION OF HER SEX,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	730
V. THROUGH THE STATES,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	740
VI. THIS MAN'S WIFE,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	749
VII. THE SENSE OF TOUCH AND THE TEACHING OF THE BLIND,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	763
VIII. THE SYNAGOGUE IN BEVIS MARKS,	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> ,	765
IX. MR. RUSKIN'S EARLY THEATRE-GOING AND LOVE-MAKING,	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> ,	766

POETRY.

A CLASSIC LANDSCAPE,	706	WINTER,	706
FOOTPRINTS,	706		

MISCELLANY,	768
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A CLASSIC LANDSCAPE.

THIS wood might be some Grecian heritage
Of the antique world, this hoary ilex wood,
So broad the boughs, so deep the solitude,
So grey the air where Oread fancies brood.

Beyond, the fields are tall with purple sage;
The sky hangs downward like a purple
sheet —
A purple wind-filled sail — i' the noonday
heat;
And past the river shine the fields of wheat.

O tender wheat, O starry saxifrage,
O deep-red tulips, how the fields are fair!
Far off the mountains pierce the quivering
air,
Ash-colored, mystical, remote, and bare.

How far they look, the mountains of mirage!
Or northern hills of Heaven, how far away!
In front the long paulonia blossoms sway
From leafless boughs across that dreamy
grey.

O world how worthy of a golden age!
How might Theocritus have sung and found
The Oreads here, the Naiads gathering
round,
Their pallid locks still dripping to the
ground.

For me, O world, thou art how mere a stage
Whereon the human soul must play alone,
In a dead language with the plot unknown,
Nor learn what happens when the play is
done.

Athenæum.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

FOOTPRINTS.

SCENE, a sandy beach at evening: a little boy speaks,
"I tread in your steps, papa, and they bring me to
you."

A GLORIOUS coast, where mountains meet the
sea:

(The marriage of our earth's divinest things,
The power of mountains with the lifelike
voice,

The grandeur, and the pathos of the sea:)
A small stone town, built nowise orderly,
And partly perched in niches natural
Of rifted crags, whence every day at dusk
Each household light gleams like a lofty star:
A level waste of broad wave-bordering sand
And a long snowy line of breaking surf:
Above, the verdure of far-rolling slopes,
Where skylarks warble, sheep-bells tinkle soft,
And heather flames a purple deep as dawn:
And higher still, the giants of the hills,
That raise their mighty shoulders through the
clouds,

And sun themselves in ecstasy of light:
The homes these are of the wild choral winds,
The haunts of the fair ghosts of silvery mists,
The birth-beds rude of strong and stormy
streams

That down the piny gorges swoop amain
In the long thunder of their power and joy;
Within whose granite arms sleep glens of
green,

Lighted by one bright tarn of lonely blue, —
Places of peace so still and far away,
So lifted from the murmurs of the world,
So kindred with the quiet of the sky,
That one might look to see immortal shapes
Descending, and to hear the harps of heaven.

O'er three proud kingly peaks that northward
tower,
And through their sundering gullies, silent
poured

Rich floods of sunset, and ran reddening far
Along the sandy flats, and, Christwise, changed
Old ocean's ashen waters into wine,
As once we wandered towards the church of
eld

That on the brink of the bluff headland stood
(God's house of light to shine o'er life), and
shook

Its bells of peace above the rumbling surge,
And spoke unto us of those thoughts and ways
That higher than the soaring mountains are,
And deeper than the mystery of the sea.

It may be we shall roam that marge no more,
Or list the voice of that far-booming main,
Or watch the sunset swathe those regal hills
With vast investiture of billowy gold;
But unforgetting hearts with these will hoard
(With mountain vision and the wail of waves)
Some wistful memories that soften life,
The peace, the lifted feeling, the grave charm,
The tender shadows and the fading day,
The little pilgrim on the sun-flushed sands,
The love, the truth, the trust in those young
eyes,

The tones that touched like tears, the words,
"I tread

In your steps, father, and they lead to you."

Macmillan's Magazine.

WINTER.

DREARY and white the heavy pall of snow
Lies on the patient breast of mother earth.
She died, I fear me, at the New Year's birth,
And round her grave, the winds are all a-blow,
And rock, and cry, and moan, now loud, now
low.

My weary heart faints 'neath the sense of
death

Of hope, of laughter; can I think that mirth
Will rise once more, when streams forget to
flow?

And yet beneath yon keen and cruel glare
The Christmas roses, small, and pale, and
sweet,

Blossom I throw, turning their faces fair,
The first faint glimpses of the sun to meet.
Give me their faith; let me their credence
share,

Let me believe once more the Spring I'll greet.

All The Year Round.

From The National Review.
THE LAWS RELATING TO LAND.

BY SIR JAMES F. STEPHEN.

SOME of the complaints made against the existing laws relating to the inheritance and transfer of land appear to me to be well founded, others appear to be in fact, though not in words, complaints against the unequal distribution of wealth, and in particular against what are regarded as the bad results of large landed estates. Also some of the remedies proposed appear to me to be reasonable, and likely to be useful. Others appear to be either visionary in their efforts or likely to be mischievous in their results.

The object of this paper is to state the principles on which, in my opinion, the laws relating to the inheritance and transfer of land should be framed, and to point out the particular alterations which, upon those principles, ought to be made in the existing laws on those subjects.

The first principle is that land is property, distinguished, indeed, from other property by certain peculiarities which it is important to bear in mind, but resembling other property in all its most important particulars. The proof of this is so obvious as to be almost trivial; but it is this: the value of land, both to the public at large and to individuals, depends upon the security of its owners in their rights. No man will lay out money, even on sowing a crop, unless he is sure to reap it; still less will he lay out capital in drainage, in building, in fences, in roads, or in a thousand other things, except on the same condition. And expenditure of this sort gives to land the whole of its commercial value. Again, the value of land depends on the same principles as the value of all other property. Land goes up and down in the market like hops, or wheat, or like shares and stock. If the increase or decrease of the value of the one is unearned, the same is true, in precisely the same sense, of the other. If the quantity of land in the country is limited, so is the quantity of railway stock. Lastly, the question of the accumulation of land in a few hands depends upon precisely the same principles as those upon which the

accumulation of other property in a few hands depends. No argument can be stated which proves the possession of a large landed estate to be a public danger which would not equally prove the possession of a large estate in stock or shares to be a public danger. Whether it is worth while to take precautions against the acquisition by one man of the whole county of York is just the same question, and must be decided on just the same principles, as the question whether it is desirable to take precautions to prevent one man from obtaining the whole stock of the Great Western Railway, or a practical monopoly of some particular branch of trade or manufacture. In a word, there is nothing special about land considered as a subject of property. The principles of political economy apply to it in exactly the same way, with exactly the same limitations as to movable property.

If land is property, like other property, it seems to follow, *primâ facie*, that, so far as its transmission either by way of inheritance or by transfer is concerned, it ought to be subject to the common rules relating to property. Simple and obvious as this principle appears, it is continually forgotten and overlooked, and sometimes denied, and that for contradictory reasons and from opposite points of view. The existing law was founded on the notion that land was the principal subject of property, and was greatly influenced by the principle that political power should accompany property in land, and that estates should not be subdivided — a view which, if seldom expressly maintained at this day, still exercises considerable influence. On the other hand, extreme Radicalism regards land as property subject to exceptional principles, and to be dealt with in an exceptional way.

The principle itself being so often forgotten, it is natural that a limitation upon it which seems to be at least equally obvious should be forgotten also. It is that land, like every species of property, has its own distinctive physical characteristics, which cannot be overlooked by law without disastrous consequences. Its great leading peculiarities are that it is immovable; that every part of it bears

its own individual character and special value; and that it is essential to its enjoyment that the owner and the occupier should in many, perhaps in most cases, be different persons. This last proposition is often denied, or slurred over and forgotten, but its truth is surely self-evident. It is enough to say that every farm, every leasehold house, every lodging, furnished or unfurnished, from a flat in London at a rent of hundreds a year, to a workman's lodgings let for a few shillings a week, affords an illustration of it. There are other peculiarities to which reference will be made immediately.

The inference from this is that land, meaning thereby all immovable property, must be held by title, though it cannot be held by title only — a consideration of the first importance in all schemes relating to the title of land. In order to appreciate the importance of this it is necessary to state and illustrate a principle frequently misunderstood or overlooked.

Possession and title, words which for this purpose need no further definition, though books have been written about them, are the roots of all property — the two great kinds of evidence which show that anything whatever is the property of any man. In other words, whenever a question of property arises it must be determined either by the fact of possession shown to be rightful, or by the production of some sort of document vesting and limiting the rights in dispute. Regarding being had to this, all property may be divided into three classes. Some kinds of property can be held by title only. Some are usually held by title, but may be held by possession. Some are usually held by possession, but may be held by title. These are not technical distinctions, they arise from the very nature of things, and no law which overlooks them can be a good one. They require some illustration.

To the first class belongs that enormous mass of property which consists of legal rights not inherent in or attached to any definite thing. Stock in the funds is the best illustration of property of this kind. The hundreds of millions of pounds sterling which make up the national debt are

nowhere existent. What does exist is a right to receive certain periodical payments at the Bank of England. Shares in companies are a slightly different illustration of the same principle. The North-western Railway consists of the permanent way and stations, in connection with which are used a vast mass of all sorts of movable property, rolling stock, ships, furniture, and many other things. All this property belongs to a purely ideal body, no one of the members of which has any sort of proprietary right in any part of it, movable or immovable. Their interest consists of a right to a share in the profits of the undertaking, which right has as little concrete existence as the company itself. It exists only in the registers in which it is recorded, and can be transferred only by documents. It has no individual character. £100 stock is £100 stock worth whatever may be its market price; but it confers as much and as little right to the permanent way as to the line of steamers from Holyhead to North Wall, or the engines at the Euston station.

Land in the legal sense of the word, which includes buildings and things fixed to, or growing out of the land, constitutes the second of the classes into which I have divided property, that which consists of things usually held by title, but which may be held by possession. The reason why this is so is that land is immovable, that its value depends upon the manner in which it is possessed and used, and that it is continually in the possession or occupation of one person, while it is the property of another. For these reasons the owner would constantly be deprived of his property, if it was held only by possession. On the other hand it cannot be held, like stock, by title only, because every piece of land has its own individual character, and it must be the subject of individual and, in almost all cases, exclusive possession.

Movable things of all sorts, furniture, books, cattle, etc., are usually held by possession only, though, as in the case of articles under a bill of sale, they may be held by title. The reason is that the possession and the property are separated only in exceptional cases, and it is in

those exceptional cases that they are held by title.

All this may be shortly summed up by saying that land should be regarded as property simply, and that the laws as to its use, transfer amongst living persons, and distribution on the death of an owner, should be those which apply to property generally; regard, however, being had to the fact that it must be held by title as a rule, though the facilities for holding it by title only are of necessity much less than is the case with stocks, shares, and other things of the same sort.

What is the practical application of these principles to the question of the way in which our existing laws relating to land should be altered? The answer is, I think, as follows: the distinction between the law of real and personal property should be abolished, the law of personal property being made the general law of all property. Those parts of the law relating to real property which arise out of its physical peculiarities already described should be retained, with a few modifications to adjust them to the general change.

This is a direct inference from the first principle stated above. If land is to be treated as property with some special peculiarities, the law ought to treat it as such. Now there are special and highly important reasons for taking the law which at present relates to personal property only as the rule, and for treating such laws as are founded upon the special peculiarities of land as exceptions. To make this plain it will be necessary to make some remarks on the present state of the law relating to personal and real property respectively.

Personal property has risen to its present importance in comparatively modern times, and the law relating to it has been elaborated under the influence of commercial ideas. It corresponds, better or worse, for the most part perfectly well, to the actual wants of modern life. It is as simple as the nature of the case will allow it to be, and is absolutely free from such intricacies as the doctrines of estates, uses, powers, and other such technicalities have introduced into the law of real

property. It has certainly borrowed a good deal from the law of real property, but it has taken so much of it only as practical convenience has suggested; and whereas real-property law has been the subject of adverse criticism for a great length of time, I do not know that there is any demand, worth speaking of, for a reform of the law of personal property, or that any complaint has been made of its being embarrassed by any unnecessary or artificial technicality.

The law of real property is in quite a different state. It consists of a number of first principles which were recognized by, and possibly suited to, a state of society long since passed away, and of an immense number of devices, some adopted by Parliament, and others contrived by many generations of judges. In some of these cases the old principles were gradually adapted to new facts. In others attempts were made by Parliament to arrest the progress of change, but they were thwarted by judicial decisions. The result is the system of which every one complains. Argument as to its demerits is unnecessary. They are admitted by all. The question is how to get rid of them most effectually. An illustration may, however, be permissible as throwing light on the means by which these technicalities might be got rid of, and on the advantages of doing so.

Examine an estate tail. Since Lord Cairns's late acts, it has ceased to be of much practical importance, but no one even understands what it is, or why, or how far it has ceased to be important, without understanding a history which goes back at least to the thirteenth century, and no one can say precisely how much farther. The leading points in its history are these. Land was once not regarded as property at all. People owned not the land but an estate in the land; and these estates still continue to haunt like ghosts the language of real-property law. Landholders, however, became by degrees landowners, and, as such, took to making grants to "A and the heirs of his body," meaning, no doubt, that A should have the land for life, and his lineal descendants afterwards. The judges evaded

this by holding that it had the effect of a conditional gift to A, who, when he had an heir of his body, fulfilled the condition, and became owner in fee. In 1285 (13 Edw. I.) Parliament set aside this judicial legislation by the Statute de Donis, which practically made land almost inalienable. This the judges, to some extent, explained away by inventing fees-tail, reversions, and base fees, by way of a supplement to the statute. They also defeated it in 1472 (12 Edw. IV.) by the invention of common recoveries; a mode of conveyance which was intolerably intricate, expensive, technical, and uncertain. It was abolished in 1833 by 3 and 4 W. IV., c. 74, and much subsequent legislation has now reduced the law very nearly, though not quite, to this: that the law relating to entails, though hardly intelligible, is practically harmless; at least, so far as it operates as a restraint upon the alienation of land, for, by Lord Cairns's act, the tenant for life has acquired nearly as full a power of alienation as the trustee of a settlement has with respect to stock in the funds. Regarded, however, in a theoretical point of view, the law is worse than it ever was before; that is, it is more difficult to understand. A bad principle may be perfectly plain and well expressed, but what can we say of arbitrary rules providing that the difficulties arising from logical interpretation of statutory substitutes for technical evasions of statutory attempts to prevent the evasion by legal fictions of the practical application of a false principle, shall be set aside? This, however, is an accurate description of Lord Cairns's most useful legislation on this subject. The sentence just written is surely a sufficient justification for the proposal; that the astonishing steps by which, in the course of six hundred years and more, we have worked our way from bad principles to good practice should be relegated to their proper place, which is that of a curious fragment of legal history with which no one need for any practical purpose concern himself.

But how, it will be said, could so great a change be brought about, and what, in practice, would be the mode of its operation? The best way to answer this question will be to give the heads of the most important parts of a bill by which the alteration might be made, and which would, in fact, amount to a codification and recasting of the law relating to land. They would be somewhat as follows, though, of course, I can only give the main indispensable outlines:—

1. From the day of , all property whatever shall be, and shall be deemed to be, personal property. Estates in land shall cease to exist. All property shall descend, on the death of its owner, according to the law now relating to the distribution of personal property. Gavelkind, borough English, and all other customs as to the inheritance of land, of whatever tenure, shall be abolished.

2. All property may be effectually transferred, bequeathed, and otherwise dealt with by any instrument which is now effectual for the conveyance of personal property, and by the use of any language which expresses sufficiently the meaning of the person who uses it; provided that no transaction for which a written instrument is now required shall be carried out without writing.

3. All owners of property shall have the same power of settling and dealing with property, either by will or by deed, as they now have with respect to personal property, and no other.

The effect of these three provisions must be considered before entering upon the special matters with which it will be necessary to deal in addition. It must be observed, in the first place, that they deal only with the future. How the transition between the future and the past is to be managed is a point to be reserved for subsequent consideration.

The broad effect of the adoption of these three principles would be somewhat as follows:—

The first proposition would at one blow cut away all the subtleties, be they few or many, which still haunt conveyancing language. The Statute de Donis, the Statute of Uses, the whole of the learning of which "Ferne's Contingent Remainders" and part of "Sugden on Powers" used to be types, will cease to retain even that amount of life (I cannot pretend to say precisely how much it is) which Lord Cairns's conveyancing act, and other enactments, have left to them.

It is difficult to make unprofessional persons understand the importance of such a provision, but it is obvious to a lawyer. Much of the real-property law of the present day, as is shown by the illustrations given above, consists of modifications of fiction introduced to evade obsolete principles. These, again, have been modified by other enactments, the exact extent of which cannot be understood without a knowledge of the original principle, and of the way in which it was incompletely evaded.

By abolishing the fundamental principles of real-property law, little or no practical change would be made, for they have all been evaded successfully; but simplicity would be substituted for intricacy, and light for darkness, in a great department of law. The abolition of the real-property rules of descent would effect a change which, as far as I know, every one considers expedient, and on which it not is necessary to waste a word. The retention of the power of leaving property by will as the owner pleases, would leave matters as they are.

The second proposition is a corollary to the first. It would do away with all that is artificial and technical in conveyancing. That it would do away with conveyancing itself it would be absurd to expect. That an ordinary person will ever be able to draw up for himself a satisfactory lease, or any but the simplest will, seems to me about as probable as that people will ever cook their own dinners or build their own houses. No one who is not trained to it is competent to think out all the details of a complicated arrangement which may take all sorts of different shapes according to a variety of future uncertain events.

The third proposition is one which I offer as the solution of a long and bitter controversy, which may be recommended not only on its own merits, but because a consistent Liberal can hardly object to it without going a great deal farther than Liberals in general propose to go; whilst a reasonable Conservative ought to acknowledge that it would give him all to which he can justify a claim on reasonable grounds.

What, in practice, is the difference between a settlement of landed property and a settlement of personal property? The technical differences are great. Under Lord Cairns's act the practical difference between the two is small. Estates tail cannot be created in personality; indeed, such a thing as an estate in personal property is happily unknown to the law; but by the creation of trusts unborn children can be provided for quite as effectually by a marriage settlement or will of personal property, as by a similar instrument relating to land. The owner of a large business can, as every-day experience shows, transmit such property to some of his children in whatever proportion he pleases, and provide for his widow and his other children out of its profits as securely as the owner of a landed estate. In short, the law as to personal property, as it now stands, is just as favorable to

the preservation of important establishments, and to making provision for unborn children, as the law as to real property; and it is free from the objections of technicality and mystery to which the law of real property is open.

There is little serious dispute as to the principles which ought to regulate a man's power to dispose of his property. I think ninety-nine quiet people out of a hundred would say it is right that a man should be allowed to provide prospectively for any living person, and, if he likes, for any unborn children of any such person. It is wrong that he should be allowed to restrain further the power of the living over what was his property, when he himself is dead and gone. If any one denies this, let him explain the reason why no one complains of settlements by will or deed of personal property. How many people, with even a moderate income, would allow their daughters to marry without some provision, by way of settlement, giving a life interest to husband and wife successively, and providing, by powers of appointment, for unborn children, and also for the case of no children being born of the marriage? To forbid such arrangements would disturb the family affairs of all the moderately well-to-do people in England. Has any one ever suggested that any harm has ever followed to any one from the fact that an enormous mass of property is subject to the trusts of marriage settlements of personality? Can any one doubt that they have useful purposes and answer to a real want inherent in human nature? Men who assert it must say that the great mass of prudent and prosperous English heads of families are no better than fools. Now in what does the law of settlement and entail, so much exclaimed against, differ from the law as to the settlement of personal property, of which no one complains?

On the other hand, the law of settlement and entail, as it now stands, imposes hardly any restraint upon the sale of either real or personal property. The trustees of a settlement can make a valid title in all cases to personal property. The tenant for life of real property can for practical purposes, in nearly every case, do the same. It is curious, and I do not know that the remark has attracted the attention which it deserves; but a friend points out to me that since Lord Cairns's act the tenant for life of an estate entailed upon distant relations has much more inducement to sell his property if he can do so advantageously, than he would have if

the land were absolutely his own. If I have a great estate, in which I take a great interest, and if I am able to do quite what I like with it, it is natural to suppose that I should prefer leaving it in its integrity to some one who possesses my confidence, will carry out my views, and, if I please, take my name and carry on my favorite schemes after my death, to selling it, even if I should increase my income by so doing; but if it is entailed upon a distant relation whom I do not know, or do not like, my inducement to keep the estate untouched is gone; and if in a commercial point of view sale would be profitable, I have every inducement to improve my income by selling.

The result is that the existing law is nearly what it ought to be, though the fact is not generally known; but that one-half of it is expressed in such an intricate technical way that it is hardly capable of being really understood. The change suggested would practically give all that *bonâ fide* Radicals, who are not Socialists, ought to claim, and would sacrifice nothing which Conservatives ought to value. This is easily shown. Two pretexts for the attacks on great estates are made, though social envy and jealousy is probably the true ground of most of them. First, it is said, I think truly, that the law is extremely technical, hard to understand, and based on a variety of obsolete principles. This objection to it would be completely removed by the proposed change. Secondly, it is said that the law, as it stands, makes land unsalable, and so decreases its value. This, since recent legislation, and especially since Lord Cairns's act, appears to me not to be true; but if landed property and personal property were subject in all respects to the same laws, its untruth would be so obvious that no one could make the assertion in good faith. If it were, it might always be met by the question, Does the fact that many millions of consols, railway stock, etc., are subject to the trusts of marriage settlements make it difficult to invest in them or to sell them? The change I propose would exhibit in the strongest light the truth that the real objections to the existing land laws are not properly objections to law at all, but to the existing distribution of property, and to the social differences which depend upon it.

If these three general principles were made the essential parts of a new law relating to land, a great simplification of the law would be effected, but a number

of important details would require special treatment. These it would be necessary to consider, in order that the destruction of the old technicalities of real-property law might not involve confusion in regard to important matters connected with, and, it may be, technically dependent on them. It is dangerous to do away with a bad principle without considering carefully in what way its abolition will affect branches of the law which have been connected with it. Real-property law may cease to exist as a separate branch of our system; but the distinction between movable and immovable property is inherent in the nature of things, and cannot be overlooked without the worst consequences. I will shortly enumerate the principal heads of it which occur to me. All of them might, with great advantage, be reduced to a statutory form, and no piece of codification could be more important and useful. I do not pretend, however, to give a complete list of the subjects which demand such treatment.

The first question of this sort is the question: What ought to be the law of limitation and prescription as to land? To go fully into this subject would lengthen out this paper to an unmanageable extent. A few remarks, however, may be made tending to show that the law upon it must differ according as it relates to movable or immovable property.

Though as a general rule immovable property is held by title, there are two great exceptions to the rule. In the first place property in land may practically be acquired by wrongful possession for a definite time under definite circumstances. It may not be technically accurate, but it is practically true, to say that after twelve years' wrongful adverse possession a man becomes the owner of land so possessed. The case is not the same with respect to movables, and the reason is obvious. The possession of land must, from the nature of land, be open and notorious. The owner of a house cannot help knowing that it is occupied by some one not his tenant, who does not pay him rent; and if for twelve years he takes no step to interfere, it is his own fault, excepted cases excepted. On the other hand, chattels being movable, their possession may change hands at once secretly and innocently. A finds B's watch and shuts it up in his own drawer. Twenty years afterwards B hears of this and asks for it. He is entitled to recover it from A if he does not give it up at any period within six years after the demand and refusal. This

difference arises from the nature of things. Another, which is equally characteristic, is much more important. If A sells B's house to C, however public the sale may be, A gives C no title to it, and B can eject C within twelve years, and all who claim under him. If A sells B's horse to C in market overt, B as a rule cannot recover the horse, though he may, if he can, recover his value. The principle of this distinction is also obvious. Houses and land are required, as a rule, for permanent use and occupation, and, being held by title, the purchaser can and ought to require the seller to show his title to sell. Horses are constantly bought and sold, and are almost always held by possession. Hence it is for the general convenience that a wrong-doer should be able, on certain terms, to make a good title to them. This point is of capital importance with regard to the question of registering titles, of which a few words will be said farther on. Coin, which passes freely from hand to hand, even if it has been stolen, is the strongest illustration which can be given of the way in which the law on this subject does and ought to vary according to the subject matter to which it relates.

The second exception to the rule that land is usually held by title consists of incorporeal rights over land, such as rights of way, rights to the flow of a stream, and *profits a prendre* as they are called, such as a right to cut turf. These are almost always proved by usage, and it is obvious that the rules relating to them must be special.

Another branch of the law which would require careful consideration is that which relates to mortgages of land. The reasons which make land so good a security for money are that it is immovable, that it has special individual value, and that it is held by title and not by possession. Any one who is acquainted with the subject will see at once that in recasting the law relating to land, it would be of great importance to keep up the distinction between mortgages of land and bills of sale over personal property. I do not know that the present law relating to mortgages of land is open to any great objection, but it is expressed at present in terms of the law of real property. The creditor, if a first mortgagee, becomes tenant in fee-simple, and has in him the legal estate. The debtor's interest is called his equity of redemption, and it is difficult to say how far these relations and the legal inferences drawn from them would be af-

fected by the abolition of the distinction between real and personal property.

The same observation arises upon the law of landlord and tenant. To translate the existing law from the language based upon tenure into a language based upon contract, and to say precisely what would in the one terminology be the equivalent of the language which properly belongs to the other, would require much knowledge and some skill. The difficulty might, however, be overcome by care. I will give a single illustration of what I mean. The old view of a fee-simple as amounting to an absolute and, so to speak, eternal interest in land, was the origin of the practice of granting leases for absurdly long terms of years. Leases of ninety-nine years are of common occurrence, leases of nine hundred and ninety-nine years are not unknown. I believe, for instance, that some of the rates for houses let by the crown in the New Forest are for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Some of these long leases are evasions of the law against perpetuities. Building-land is generally let in London for ninety-nine years instead of being sold outright, the object being that the successor of the landlord may, after the lapse of a century, come into what may be an enormous addition to his fortune. It seems to me, on many obvious and familiar grounds, that this power ought not to exist, and that leases should not be allowed to be made for more than a reasonable term, such a term as lessee and lessor may at least in many cases expect to see determined by efflux of time — say, for instance, thirty years. No doubt the existing law has some conveniences, and it is, I suppose, for the sake of them that such leases as leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years are used. It may be important to have security against such a use of a dwelling-house as would be an annoyance to others, and a long lease with covenants against various things, *e.g.*, the use of any house in a street for any purposes except those of residence, is a substantial and convenient security for this purpose. It is, however, wholly unnecessary that so simple an object should be attainable only by such intricate technical means. If it were expressly enacted that all contracts in any conveyance intended to secure neighboring property from depreciation or injury should run with the land, and might be sued upon by any person injuriously affected by the breach of any such covenant, and if measures were taken for insuring their publicity in the district

affected by them, and for enabling the courts to grant relief on the application of persons concerned, and in consideration of alterations in local circumstances, much mystery and technicality might be brushed away, and all the substantial advantages, whatever they may be, of the present system would be retained. Lawyers will appreciate at once the satisfaction which they would feel in seeing Spencer's case, and the mass of decisions on the same subject, thrown into the form of a few explicit propositions which would put in a plain shape a branch of the law on which law and equity are at present confused rather than fused.

Another branch of law which would require reconsideration is the law of mortmain. If it is to be kept up, the object would easily be attained by providing that, as regarded immovable property, the law of mortmain should be unaltered. If it requires alteration, the recasting of the land laws would be a good opportunity for such alterations as are required.

The last subject to be mentioned is the law relating to copyholds. The treatment of this subject would require much care, especially in manors in which there were extensive wastes. The matter is not one on which more than a very few words can here be said. Special customs of inheritance might, I think, be safely abolished, and perhaps some others, such as the right of lords of some manors to take heriots. The roll of manors, considered in the light of local registers of title, are most useful, and ought in some shape to be retained; and the lord's fines on admission, etc., might be left in the shape of fees for entries on the register. And it might be enacted that all conveyances of copyhold land which would now be made by entries on the court roll should then be registered and paid for. As for the transmission by descent of the position of lord of the manor, if all property were distributable as personality is, it would form an item of the property of the deceased, and might either be sold by his personal representatives or allotted to any one of them as part of his share. The question of the extent of the lord's property in minerals, timber, and, above all, in the wastes of the manor subject to the tenant's rights, would not be specially affected by such legislation as is suggested. The change might probably be an additional motive for enfranchisement.

These are the most important of the leading details referred to, but probably others would require similar considera-

tion. But there is still one more subject on which a few words must be said.

Such a codification of the laws relating to land would not be complete without a provision for adapting the old system to the new. The principle on which this ought to be done is, I think, plain; but the application would not be altogether simple. No existing interest, present or future, should be affected; no reasonable expectation, excited by the existing state of the law, should be disappointed; but two classes of persons who might hereafter think themselves aggrieved would, I think, have no right to do so. If a man were to say, "When the act was passed, I was heir-at-law to a rich man who had always led me to believe I would succeed to his estate, and, he having died without a will, it will now be divided equally between myself and my brothers and sisters," he would, I think, be entitled to feel aggrieved; but the wrong done him would have been by the ancestor who neglected to make a will carrying out his intentions. If a man said, "If I had been born one day earlier, I should, in the events which have happened, have been the heir of a great property," the answer would be that the dead and the unborn have no rights and can be subjected to no wrongs. It would not be difficult to devise an enactment which would protect all vested interests, but I think something more might be done. Facilities might be given to the living persons interested in any deed or will to vary its dispositions by consent, or even in some cases without the unanimous consent of the parties concerned.

The ingenuity of conveyancers would probably be equal to the task of defining the cases in which this ought to be permissible, and to set forth the safeguards against fraud and oppression which would be required for the purpose. The Chancery Division of the High Court is by no means ignorant of work of this character.

I think that no real injustice would be done by providing that existing valid provisions in favor of the unborn children of any person named in any will or deed should be preserved, but no others; and that the interest of any person born after the change in respect of any instrument dated before it should be absolute. Suppose, for instance, that an estate was limited, by a settlement made in 1860, to A for life, with remainder to A's sons successively in tail male, with remainder to B for life, with remainder to B's sons successively in tail male, with remainder to the right heirs of the settlor; and sup-

pose that when the act passed A was dead, leaving no sons, and that B, after the change, had a son, C: I should propose that C's estate should be absolute on the death of B, and that on his death it should pass to his personal representatives, and not according to the entail. By this arrangement no definite living person would suffer either loss or disappointment. The right heir of the original settlor might lose, but his interest in such a case would be very remote, and must be quite uncertain. Possibly, in the case of limitations in strict settlement, it might be enacted that an estate for life with remainders over to the children of any person or of any marriage should be equivalent, in cases in which no children were living at the date of the act, to a life estate with a power of appointment amongst the children; but the general object of preserving all vested interests and disappointing no reasonable expectations, might be attained in a number of different ways, of which these suggested are only specimens.

I will conclude with a very few words on the subject of the registration of titles, and other artificial means of simplifying and cheapening the transfer of land.

The limits to which the process can be carried are, I think, easily to be inferred from what has been already said. Land must necessarily be held by title in the great majority of cases, because it has a specific individual value, and also because its nature is such that its value depends to a great extent on the owner's being able to part with the possession of it, or to borrow money upon its security. To overlook this fact and to attempt to enable land to be held by possession, is to run the risk of unsettling all the landed property in the country, and of depriving land of a great part of its value. Neither will it ever, I think, be possible to prevent each specific piece of land from being subject to a great variety of claims and interests; and the difficulty about a register of titles is this: it must either set forth all the interests of all the persons interested, and then it will cost more than it is worth, or else it must set out some particular interest only, and then it will, in many cases, be misleading or useless. A complete record of rights such as is made on a settlement of revenue in India for all England would be enormously expensive to make; an army of officials would be required to keep it up; and, when made, the only advantage gained would be that a solicitor would go to a

public office to look at title-deeds and work out their legal effect, instead of asking his client's vendor for them. Now that every tenant for life is substantially a trustee with power of sale, and as purchasers are no longer bound to see to the application of the purchase money paid to trustees, the only mode of simplifying titles to which I can see a way is by doing away, in the manner already suggested, with the technicalities of real property law. I do not believe that houses and land will ever be sold like stock till land becomes, so to speak, a mere right, an abstract idea, like stock or shares.

It is often said that a ship cannot be called an abstract idea, and that British ships, or any share in them, can, and indeed must be sold by entries in a register. When the case of ships is examined, it will be seen that the special peculiarities of property of that kind distinguish them from nearly all other forms of property. In one sense a ship is eminently individual, and is distinguished from all other ships by its own special peculiarities. This is quite true, and the fact has much to do with their value; but it is also true that, speaking generally, not to say universally, ships represent so much mercantile value and nothing else, which value is well known to persons in the shipping trade. They change hands as quickly as any other article of commerce, and wear out, perhaps, more quickly than many of them. They have, however, some most singular peculiarities. They are almost of necessity out of the possession of their owners for the whole period of their existence. They are pre-eminently movable in the water, but they cannot be taken out of the water. Hence the property in them must be shown by title, and inasmuch as the whole of the ship must be at every given moment in the possession of the captain, the crew, and the passengers (if any), it has been found convenient to divide every ship into sixty-four imaginary parts, all or any of which may be the property of any person. The ship-owner's property in his ship thus depends on entries on registers, and is a much more abstract thing than appears at first sight; for his ship must, from the nature of the case (unless she is a yacht), be out of his possession at all times, and his share is in very many, probably in the great majority of cases, only an undivided one.

Upon all these grounds I think that the above suggestions sketch out the most important and prudent alterations which could be made in the existing laws

relating to land, and I would suggest that the course least likely to prove abortive with respect to them would be to sanction by Parliamentary resolutions the principles on which such a recasting of the law ought to proceed, and to appoint a small commission to draw, or superintend the drafting, of an act to carry them out.

From All The Year Round.
THE BEWITCHED HOUSE.
A MEMORY OF MAURITIUS.

WHILE I was on a visit to Mauritius a few years ago, the following mysterious circumstances occurred, and, although everything was done to find out the originator, natural or supernatural, of the trick played upon us—if trick it was—we never succeeded in elucidating the matter.

Travellers in different parts of the world may have had the like disagreeable experiences, as I have since heard that this species of revenge on supposed enemies of which so disagreeable a specimen came under my notice, is commonly resorted to in Ceylon and several parts of India.

I happened to be spending a year with my sister and her husband in the lovely island, made immortal by the fact—or fiction—of the romantic loves and deaths of Paul and Virginia.

The house-servants, with the exception of the nurses, were all natives; that is, Indians born in the island—the offspring of coolies either imported for the labor of the sugar-plantations, or who had come to prosecute their fortunes—Creoles of mixed race, natives of the island, and varying considerably in tint and feature.

The cook was a Madrassee, the butler a Creole of African descent; three of the "boys" were pure Indians. They all seemed to get on very well together; now and again we heard a tremendous noise—six or seven tongues raised in unintelligible hubbub of incomprehensible talk, but it gradually sank away, or ended in a hearty burst of childish laughter.

The language in which we communicated with them was vaguely called Creole—a mixture of French and other tongues, the former predominating; as in Mauritius, though an English colony, French obtains in the shops and in a considerable portion of the commercial world, most of the principal planters in the island being descendants of old French families. It is a childish language, full of abbreviations, odd, abrupt terminals, and ejaculations,

with a universal and most catching burr, which all children born in the island involuntarily acquire.

None of the servants spoke English; only one, the butler, Alphonse Appavaro, familiarly termed Sammy, understood it, and he only imperfectly; so that, notwithstanding the presence of three or four boys at table, we could speak unconstrainedly on any subject. The cook, whose name was Manuel, had been nine years in my brother-in-law's employment, and was a most respectable, steady, harmless man, and occupied, with his wife and children, a small *case* in the grounds, hidden behind a hedge of bamboo and tamarind trees. It was my brother-in-law's intention finally to leave Mauritius in six months, and as the house was to be occupied after his departure by his partner, a single man, the establishment would, naturally, be considerably reduced. But, as his intention was only known to his immediate family, and he did not wish it generally spoken of until his plans were fixed, I do not see that the servants can have had any acquaintance with his projected movements; although subsequent events have made me come reluctantly to the conclusion that Sammy, in spite of being a trustworthy servant and the factotum of the establishment, was the prime mover in the disturbance of our peace and comfort. I may be doing him an injustice, but he must, I think, have in some way become aware of the impending changes, and have taken the means I am about to narrate to get rid of a servant whose footing in the house was of longer standing than his own.

This, however, is only conjecture, as we never succeeded in clearing up the mystery.

One hot evening we were seated at table, the party consisting of my sister, her husband, two young men—his cousins—and myself. The servants had left the room for one of the courses, when, instead of returning, we heard a hubbub of mingled voices, cries of terror, a stampede of naked feet pattering along the tiled verandah, and while we were lost in amazement as to what the cause of the sudden disturbance might be, in rushed one of them, Djuman by name, his face that ashen hue which Indians assume when pale, his very turban shaking on his head, as in tremulous voice he cried pitiously,—

"M'sieu, pierre fine tombe, venez, gête li, fine coupé tête doomon, n'a pas conné doomon zette-li, sarsé, ne trouvé-li."

But as I cannot speak Creole correctly, not to mention spelling it, I had better give a translation of the more puzzling words in his ejaculatory sentence. *Sarsé* is "chez chez," as Creoles cannot pronounce "ch;" *gête* is "look" or "see;" *doomon* is a very general term applied to all and sundry. Any one wishing to see you is a *doomon*; all news is heard from *quelque doomon*, and I believe is traced to *du monde*. Every second sentence begins with *fine* and ends with *li*, followed by an extraordinary sort of grunt, "Eh!" something like the "Yah!" of our London street-boys.

Djuman's trembling utterances were to the effect that while cook was dishing the dinner, stones began to fall at intervals on the stove, on the table, and in different parts of the kitchen, coming down on the outside wooden roof of the building, which stood alone at some fifty yards from the house, with a sharp clear "ping," and falling down into the room without a crack or an aperture of any kind being visible on the ceiling, to show how they had effected an entrance.

My sister, who was of a nervous temperament, did not like it at all, and shrank close to her husband's side, begging him not to leave her. The two young men and I rose, ran across the verandah and the bright moonlit paved yard into the little kitchen, where I did not know at first whether to be most alarmed on seeing the cook's brother, who had rushed in from the neighboring *cour* at the first noise of the falling stones, standing ruefully rubbing his head, which was bleeding from a blow he had received; or amused at seeing half-a-dozen full-grown men capering about like so many children, whimpering, their teeth chattering from terror, all talking at once, and each giving a different version of the story in high-pitched voices.

I stood gazing at the ceiling, when a sharp thud above me made me leap suddenly into the air, and a stone larger than my fist fell at my feet.

After quieting his wife's fears G— (my brother-in-law) followed us, and, instead of sympathizing with the general terror, sharply told the servants to stop all this nonsense; that he would soon find out the practical joker; cut him a month's wages—the usual threat—and deprive him of his monthly bag of rice. Then he ordered them to proceed at once serving the rest of the dinner.

The excitement was far too great to permit of my doing anything so prosaic

as return to dinner while this mystery was unexplained, so the two youths and I remained in the verandah. One fetched his gun and fired into the wood and across a neighboring ravine, hoping that if the aggressor was hidden in its wooded recesses the sound of firing would cause him to desist.

He then climbed a tall tree, from which, as it was a glorious moonlit night—and no one who has not seen the beauty of a tropical full moon can have any idea of its soft and yet clear brilliance—he could see a great distance, while I fearfully peered about among the low bushes, keeping all the while in the close vicinity of my six-foot companion, who, though pooh-poohing the whole affair, did not, I could see, like it at all. I confess that I surreptitiously picked up the stone I had found in the kitchen and smelt it, to see if I could find any trace of brimstone.

An hour or two elapsed, and still the stones fell, doing more or less damage. Sometimes one or two would come bang, bang after each other, then a quarter of an hour would elapse, and we would think it was all over, when the noise and battery would recommence.

It was getting beyond our usual hour of retiring for the night, but somehow we forgot to propose breaking up our little party. It was useless to settle to any occupation; my sister, the two young men, and I talked with bated breath, and I did not at all enjoy the prospect of the night before me, as I occupied one of three pavilions—small wooden rooms built outside the large house, with a connecting verandah between; and whether the thrower of the missiles was or was not a supernatural personage, I did not relish his vicinity. About eleven o'clock the servant came to say that the noise and damage still continued, when G— once more repaired to the kitchen and announced his intention of sending for the police to find out and punish the offender. Accordingly, his cousin went off in his little *calèche* to the nearest police station, and returned with three men—one a French Creole, one an Irishman, and the third English. When we explained the circumstances to them, they smiled in a superior manner, and said: "You'll never find it out, whatever it is; it has been practised in several parts of the island before, and quite lately too. Some weeks ago we were sent for to Savanne for the same cause. The inhabitants left the house and we stayed there alone on the alert for three days, and, though we watched

steadily night and day, the very glass globes of the lamps were broken in the room where we were sitting; we saw the stones fall and heard the sound as they struck the outside roof, but never once saw any appearance of even a crack in the ceiling, and left the place without having found out anything."

This was not satisfactory; but it was a little reassuring, in the long hours before I fell asleep, to hear the police pacing up and down the verandah, or when their steps ceased, to know, by the tell-tale scent of their cigarettes through the open window, that they were not slumbering. I had meant to keep the stone I picked up as a memento of the incident, and had put it in my room; but fearing that such an uncanny object might take to capering about my premises at the witching hour of midnight, I opened my window and deposited it outside.

The police left next morning, as they said it was quite useless to remain. G—— and his cousins had to be in Port Louis daily, from ten in the morning till five o'clock; so my sister and I were left to face the terrors, which, however, did not look half so great by day as by night. My sister would not ask a question, nor listen when the servants volunteered details; but my curiosity, which is considerable, overcame my terror, and I kept going backwards and forwards to the servants' quarters, to mark the progress of affairs, so as to report them faithfully to G—— in the evening.

I discovered that the principal victims of the missiles were the cook's two sons, bright little fellows of eight and ten years of age. Wherever they were, the stones fell thickest; in the avenue, amongst the trees, in their own hut, or in the detached kitchen. On mentioning this circumstance to my brother, he immediately sent for Manuel, told him to punish his children at once, and make them understand that he would have no more of this tomfoolery going on, and ordered them to be shut into a room alone all night, and a guardian placed at the door to watch. I was quite aghast at this summary and, as I thought, cruel behavior, but I only attempted a faint remonstrance, and made up my mind to reserve the rest of my exciting adventures for a more sympathetic ear.

Next morning the guardian declined to watch the children any longer, as a stone had left a large bump on his own forehead.

"I shall stop this," said the now angry master of the household.

Accordingly Manuel's boys were despatched to the school at Rosehill, some two miles off, with a note to the schoolmaster, asking him to receive them as boarders for a few weeks. We heard nothing further for twenty-four hours, when the boys and a polite note were simultaneously handed back, to say that the schoolmaster declined having them any longer, as, since the arrival of his young visitors, his own head had been nearly broken by a mysterious stone coming through the roof, which, however, remained intact. Next day, after my brother had gone to town, I was in my bedroom when I heard the patter of naked feet on the verandah outside my open window, and piteous cries for *grande ma'amselle*, as they always called me from my height. I ran to the window to find ten or eleven clamorous creatures crying, wringing their hands, Manuel in their midst, a sobbing child in either hand, telling me in accents of despair that whenever the children seated themselves to eat a dish of rice, an invisible hand seized and flung the dish some three feet off, scattering the rice all around; and that as he and their mother were beside them, they heard the click, click, of a pair of scissors, and the children's beautiful silky hair was lying on the ground, shorn off in jagged, uneven masses. The two boys were in a great state of terror, sobbing and trembling, their father the image of misery and wretchedness. I consoled them as best I could; tried to laugh away their fears, albeit my own were increasing; and desiring Djuman to bring me a bunch of bananas, I fed the little ones out of my own hand at the window.

In order to be able to confute my brother's ideas as to the complicity, if not active agency of the boys, I armed myself with a large umbrella, and taking the children with me, I repaired to their own hut—a regular *case*, filthy, malodorous; but the excitement of my own nervous system was such that I would have gone through a good deal to find out the origin of the mystery.

It was a day of intense heat, but I stood in that baking, reeking hut—where all there was in the way of beds were some filthy-looking mats; where old clothes hung on the begrimed walls; and where the only air was admitted by high, narrow windows—with the two small culprits before me, their only attire little shirts and nankeen trousers.

I thought if they threw up the stones by any quick movement, I could not fail to

see the motion of their hands; ten minutes, a quarter of an hour elapsed, and no sign. I was beginning to feel faint from heat and bad air, when bang went one and another on the roof, and two stones fell before me, one narrowly grazing my nose.

I dismissed the children, who evinced great fear, and recommenced sobbing and shivering, and rushed out of the *case*, cannoning in my flight against the coachman, who was waiting at some distance to hear the result of my courageous exploit.

"Have you ever heard of this sort of thing before?" I mustered up sufficient Creole to say.

"Si fait, ma'amselle; si fait!" he replied; and told me forthwith some ghastly tales, ending most indignantly with "And they say, some of them, that I am at the bottom of it."

"Nonsense," I said, and rushed out of the blinding vertical sun-rays on to the comparatively cool verandah to encounter Djuman, my own servant, who next respectfully asked if ma'amselle had seen or heard anything.

"I wonder what it can be?" I said more to myself than him.

"Le diable!" promptly responded Djuman.

"Nonsense!" I said again, this time quite sharply; for, though I had a vague idea in my own mind that perhaps *le diable* was at the bottom of it somehow, my honor and self-respect required me to keep up an appearance of courage I was far from feeling before these timid Indians, who all looked to me as a rock of defence—an infallible authority as well as a most welcome outlet to their feelings as an audience.

To their mistress they did not attempt to speak, for she was too frightened by the whole proceeding, to listen even to my experiences.

"Si, ma'amselle, si; there is a little book," continued Djuman, "they consult, and it is some one in the house who is doing it, and the little book is called the 'Petit Albert,' and there is only one copy in the island."

I was much interested in this relation, and noted the fact, and the reader can judge my surprise when, long after, in reading a book of P. Hamerton's called "Round my House," I came upon the following passage: "In one part of France the peasants have the fullest belief in sorcery. They believe that the secrets of sorcery are contained in a mysterious volume called an 'Albert,' and they are

convinced that certain persons possess the book, though I never could see a copy of it, nor ascertain if it really existed."

Had I known the fact at the time, my interest would have been doubled, as Mr. Hamerton's testimony shows that a book of divination, or demonology, called "Le Petit Albert," does exist in other countries, though whence it derives its rather peculiar and somewhat modern name I have never found out.

Next day, Manuel, his wife and children, took French leave, and went off for the day without our having any clue to their whereabouts. The place was quiet during the day, but while we were at dinner, between eight and nine o'clock, a servant came to say that Manuel had returned, and sent in a message to "tell massa he was drunk." Dark though it was, the instant he and his family turned from the highroad into the avenue the stones rattled round them in the path.

Next morning, as I sat in the store-room, giving out rice, flour, curry—all the articles necessary for the day's consumption, I began to Manuel thus,—

"Cook, I am very sorry indeed to think that, after being a trusted servant here for nine years, you should come home in such a state as you were in last night. I can assure you that, if it ever happens again, your master will not pass it over, but you will have to go."

Manuel, who, like most Madrassees, spoke a little broken English, replied,—

"What me do, missy? Me no eat; me children, wife, mis'able; they no eat, no sleep, no noting. There is nothing to do but get drunk."

I remember that I read him a moral lecture, and said by adding the effects of drink to his present misery he was not doing much to improve his condition; but all the time I felt deeply for the poor man.

Slightly infected with my brother's reiterated suspicions of his two children, who bore a name for mischief, I asked him earnestly if he thought they had really anything to do with it, and seeing the success of their tricks in the general terror and mystification, were induced to keep it up. I did not add that G— insisted that I was very much to blame in the matter, as my evincing so much interest encouraged them to continue.

Was it likely, said Manuel in reply, that children of eight and ten would go on doing a thing, even if it were possible for them to do it so closely watched, which was making their parents miserable, in-

volving themselves in punishment, and which would ultimately deprive them of house and home?

"No, missy; it will go worse, you see; we will be pinch blue and black. Needles will go through our tongues when we sleep, and in two months we die, if no one find out and stop." Then, shutting the storeroom door mysteriously, he approached me, and said in a low whisper: "Missy, some one in dis house want to get rid me. I not know who. I tink; but I not sure. If missy will give me — lend twenty rupees, I go see woman in town who will go sleep, and write names on paper, and I show missy in storeroom to-morrow morning."

"No, no, cook," I said; "don't do anything so silly as waste money on a clairvoyante. She can't tell. And don't suspect any of the servants here. It is merely a mischievous trick. I am very sorry for you meanwhile, but we will find it out by-and-by. I could not lend you money for such a purpose, and you must not waste your own."

But the poor wretch was too miserable to heed my remonstrances. The day following we had to trust our cooking to one of the boys, who were all becoming quite demoralized in the unusually exciting atmosphere in which we lived, for Manuel had again taken French leave, and was absent all day.

Outwardly indifferent, it was with a thrill of expectation I repaired to the storeroom next morning, when Manuel immediately closed the door, and glancing fearfully all round, and out at the square grated windows, pushed a paper into my hand, saying in quick, low voice, —

"Missy read that in room. No tell nobody."

"Have you seen the clairvoyante?" I asked breathless from astonishment, and with a momentary terror of perhaps seeing my own name written on the paper.

"Yes, missy. She go sleep; she ask how many servant; then she tink long time; then she say massa go to England soon — six months; two boys here want cook leave dis house; they try frighten him away. Missy see?"

I ran across to my room, and there read the name of Sammy and another servant (the two who subsequently were retained by G——'s partner as head-servants).

To say the least of it, the woman had not made a bad guess, and how she contrived to know my brother's intention of leaving Mauritius I don't know. It was, in any case, a most curious coincidence.

The other servants, who knew or guessed the mission on which Manuel had gone into Port Louis, and suspected that he had told me the result, scanned my face carefully, and questioned me as to my having found any elucidation of the matter. But I studiously concealed my knowledge, and gave the paper back to Manuel, telling him not to put too much faith in information obtained in such a manner; though if I had any suspicions in the matter, they certainly pointed in the same direction. Manuel's, I may say, had till now gone wide of the mark.

The molestation, after this, ceased for some time, or occurred at rare intervals, but the poor man had become so unnerved from terror that he neglected his work, and finally got his dismissal.

I had returned to Europe before this happened, but on leaving, begged my sister to keep me informed about the supernatural affairs I left behind, and she wrote and told me that his persecutor followed him to his next situation, harassed him for some time, and then disappeared.

In talking over the matter with an Englishwoman who had spent nearly the whole of a long life in the island, she said: "It is a most extraordinary thing but worse cases than this have come under my own notice. A young girl whom I knew came out from England here as a dressmaker. A Creole youth fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. She rejected him, and mad with rage he resolved to compass her death. Whether by herself or watched by careful friends, this poor young thing woke in the mornings, her arms and body pinched, the blue marks visible on her tender flesh, her hair cut off close to her head, her food snatched from her; needles passed through her eyelids and tongue, and she pined and died under the ceaseless and mysterious powers ranged against her."

I neither affirm nor deny the tale. I merely tell it as it was told to me by an Englishwoman whose veracity I never had any occasion to doubt. Another person told me that on the island there resided a very evil man, a Mozambique, who possessed some power supposed to be allied to sorcery or witchcraft, whose aid was frequently invoked to bring disaster or death on their enemies by revengeful persons.

The stone-throwing may have been — I suppose must have been — sleight-of-hand performed by some one, but it was very extraordinary that the discovery of the perpetrator, or the means by which he accom-

plished his deeds, should have eluded the careful watch of my brother, his cousins, myself—a most interested spectator—three policemen, and many other persons.

From Temple Bar.

LORD MELBOURNE.

ON the morning of the 20th of June, 1837, the tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's announced to the citizens of London, that "it had pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late sovereign lord, King William IV., of blessed and glorious memory." The event had long been anticipated, and can hardly be said to have produced any great amount of national grief, and all eyes were turned to the rising sun—the princess Victoria, then a girl of eighteen. With an interest only second to that with which they looked on the occupant of the throne, public attention was turned to those who were to act as her advisers. It was felt that a change of ministry upon the demise of the crown was out of the question. All through the king's illness the Duke of Wellington had expressed a decided opinion that the prime minister ought to be in communication with the heiress to the throne, and this view was known to be shared by his colleagues of the opposition. Peel especially, if Charles Greville may be trusted, was of opinion that "the most probable as well as the most expedient course she (the queen) could adopt would be to rely entirely upon the advice of Melbourne, and she might with great propriety say that she had thought it incumbent on her to follow the example set by her two uncles, William IV. having retained in office the ministers of his brother, and George IV., although his political predilections were known to lean another way, having also declined to dismiss the government of his father."

It does not appear that Lord Melbourne had had much previous communication with his future sovereign. His biographer, indeed, asserts as a matter of fact that the princess had never conversed with him upon any subject of importance before the king's death, and it was a matter for regret that she had to learn everything after, instead of before her accession. That she succeeded in fulfilling her part admirably is admitted on all hands, but much inconvenience might have been saved in the first days of her reign had Lord Melbourne's scruples as to the im-

LIVING AGE. VOL. LIII 2750

propriety of trying to ingratiate himself been overcome. As soon, however, as the princess had become queen, he entered upon his duties.

Immediately after the queen had retired from her first council, a very singular scene occurred amongst its members. Her Majesty's speech contained the following passage: "I esteem it a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration." According to Greville, the speech was admired by all except Brougham, who was in a state of considerable excitement. He said to Peel, whom he was standing near, and with whom he was not in the habit of communicating, "'Amelioration,' that is not English; you might perhaps say '*melioration*,' but '*improvement*' is 'the proper word.'"

"Oh!" said Peel, "I see no harm in the word; it is generally used."

"You object," said Brougham, "to the sentiment; I object to the grammar." *

Whether the queen would have pledged herself to the Whigs at the beginning of her reign, if she had quite appreciated their position, may be questioned. The party had been carried into power by the success of the Reform Bill, but by the middle of 1834 it had become discredited and disorganized. An Irish coercion bill of extreme severity gave the *coup de grâce*, and Lords Grey and Althorp resigned. Lord Melbourne undertook the reconstruction of the administration, and in three months' time the king seized upon the changes rendered necessary by the promotion of Lord Althorp to the Upper House as a pretext for getting rid of the Whig Cabinet altogether. The Duke of Wellington was sent for first, but he declined to do more than take office temporarily, and recommended the king to send for Peel, who was then on the Continent. The Tory Cabinet lived a very short time. The two wings of the Liberal party patched up a truce, and entered into an alliance with O'Connell. By these arrangements, Peel found himself already in a minority when he met the new Par-

* This incident was evidently a matter of common conversation. It serves to explain the dialogue in "Coningsby"—"'And now for our cry,' said Mr. Taper . . . 'Ancient institutions and modern improvements, I suppose, Mr. Tadpole.' 'Ameliorations is the better word; ameliorations. Nobody knows exactly what it means.'" (Coningsby, book ii., chap. vi.)

liament on the 19th of February, 1835, and having been thrice defeated on the question of the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish Church, he resigned on the 8th of April following. Greatly to the king's personal annoyance, Lord Grey refused to take office, and Melbourne had once more to be brought in. Upon one thing, however, the king was determined — Brougham should not be chancellor. "He never wished to see his ugly face again." O'Connell looked for office, but it was refused him. It was popularly understood that some concessions had been made with a view of conciliating the liberator, but O'Connell knew perfectly well that in the position in which he was, he was master of the situation, and he was sufficiently wise to prefer the substance of power to its shadow.

When Lord Melbourne returned to office in 1835, he thus commanded in the Commons the support of the Whigs of the Radicals, and O'Connell and his tail. This last held the key of the situation, and speedily proved itself determined to use it. In the Lords, Brougham, smarting sorely under what he considered the ingratitude with which he had been treated by Lord Melbourne and his former allies, was prepared to act the part of the "candid friend." When to these circumstances is added the scarcely veiled hostility of the king, it is tolerably clear that Lord Melbourne's position was not an enviable one. Still he managed to maintain his position until the queen's accession, but it was anything but a strong government. Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston were its leading spirits, and the remainder of the Cabinet was composed of men of second-rate abilities. Melbourne himself was a curious compound of qualities. He was a great reader, and would read the classics, the fathers, and the novels of Paul de Kock with equal interest. He was an amiable man who had proved himself sometimes capable of doing very hard things. He gave great attention to the orthodoxy of the bishops whom he was called upon to appoint, and was notorious for the profanity of his language.

This was fresh in the minds of the English people, when it became known that the prime minister had become by virtue of his position political tutor to the young queen, and it can be no matter for wonder that those who recalled the trial of Norton v. Melbourne doubted the wisdom of entrusting their sovereign to him. It is not worth while to rake up the details

of that miserable case, but those who have waded through it are forced to admit that Mr. McCullagh Torrens goes too far when he says that the jury "returned a verdict of acquittal." What the jury did was to refuse to give damages to the Hon. G. C. Norton — a very different matter. They were not called upon to express any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Norton. Although Melbourne escaped for the time, the stain of the trial was upon him, and the popular feeling found vent in various ways. H. B. was at the zenith of his popularity, and he played with the subject, and gave expression to the dislike of the Tory party for the position in which Melbourne had placed the queen. One of his caricatures shows "the queen in danger." Her Majesty is playing at chess with Lord Palmerston, while Melbourne leans in an easy and familiar fashion over her chair. In another drawing of the same date she is riding on horseback between the same noble lords, and the print bears the suggestive epigraph, "Susannah and the Elders."

Melbourne's difficulties did not arise alone from his relations with the queen. Her first message to Parliament was one forbidding the introduction of new measures in the then existing Parliament, and it brought down upon Melbourne's devoted head all the concentrated wrath of the opposition, who, by the mouth of Lyndhurst, censured the incapacity of a ministry which in a session already only five days short of five months in duration had contrived to pass only two acts, and which had adopted a foreign policy which "elicited the pity of their friends and excited the scorn and derision of their enemies." Another source of trouble arose from the lamentable follies of his own supporters. The admitted ascendancy of O'Connell excited wild hopes amongst the Roman Catholics, who proclaimed their conviction that the young queen would speedily follow the example of the Coburg family by submitting to their Church. It is needless to dwell upon these follies, or to comment upon the absurdity of those who at this time revived the rumor of a Tory plot to remove the queen, and to place the Duke of Cumberland (who had succeeded to the Hanoverian crown) upon the throne. The mere mention of these matters suffices to show how difficult a task was imposed upon the prime minister at the opening of the new reign.

Parliament was dissolved on the 17th of July, and Melbourne went down to

Windsor for the purpose of instructing the queen in her new duties. His conduct both in public and in private has often been open to criticism, but even his most determined detractors have been compelled to admit that it would have been impossible for any statesman to have performed this most difficult and delicate task more honorably or with greater skill. At the time, however, an immense amount of jealousy and ill-feeling was caused by his constant presence at Windsor. H. B. indicated the popular feeling, and one of his caricatures represents a "sale by auction." George Robins presides in the rostrum, and behind him is a bill couched in all the great auctioneer's florid phraseology and announcing the sale of furniture, "removed from South Street, Grosvenor Square, the noble owner having no further use for it, as any one can see by the court circular."

The elections were over by the 20th of August, and ministers found their majority reduced from forty-six to fourteen. As far as the English constituencies were concerned, they were in a decided minority; but the influence of O'Connell gave them a large majority in Ireland, and Scotland of course went for the Liberal party. Ministers — and especially Melbourne — could not fail to recognize the gravity of the situation, but their majority, diminished though it was, continued to be, in the immortal words of Mr. Tadpole, "a clear working majority." It was as well that they should command a majority of some sort, for troubles thickened around them throughout the autumn, and when the first Parliament of the present reign was opened, it was very evident that difficulties of no common kind were about to beset the government. The province of Lower Canada was in rebellion; a new civil list had to be voted; and a number of concessions to the Irish supporters of the government were to be brought forward.

Melbourne had reason to feel that his old enemy Brougham had lost none of his bitterness during the recess. A royal message recommending an increase of the annuity of the Duchess of Kent was brought down by the prime minister and discussed in the usual way. To the astonishment of everybody, Brougham made a furious speech in opposition to the government. In the course of it he contrived to fall into the egregious mistake of describing the Duchess of Kent as "the queen-mother." "Not queen-mother," interjected Melbourne — "the mother of the

queen." Brougham turned fiercely upon him: —

He admitted that his noble friend was right. On a point of that nature he humbled himself before his noble friend. He was rude and uncultivated in speech. The tongue of his noble friend was so well hung, and so attuned to courtly airs, that he could not attempt to enter into competition with him on such subjects as these. The motions of his noble friend were more nicely poised and governed on these points than his were.

It does not appear, however, to have greatly disturbed the equable temper of Melbourne. Only in the course of his speech he dwelt for an instant upon the distinction between the "queen-mother" and "mother of the queen," adding: —

I do not know what the noble and learned lord means when he says my tongue is hung well — I cannot speak of the hanging of the tongue; and as to glozing and flattering, I must be allowed to say I know no man in this country who can more gloze, and flatter, and bend the knee, than the noble and learned lord himself — not one; and therefore, when he says he cannot compete with me in these arts, I beg leave to say I feel myself totally unable to compete with him when he finds an opportunity or an occasion offers for exercising them.

When the death of William IV. and the consequent demise of the crown afforded an opportunity of Cabinet reconstruction, Brougham fancied that he might return to power. He was bitterly disappointed, and henceforward directed all his powers of invective and sarcasm against Lord Melbourne and his Cabinet. The great explosion came on the 2nd of February, 1838, in a debate on the second reading of the Canada Bill in the Lords. Lord Durham was to be sent out as governor-general, in hope of quelling disturbances which had arisen from the determination of the colonists to resist the pressure of the home authorities. Brougham urged upon ministers the absolute necessity of their conferring greater powers upon their governor-general than they contemplated, and in a speech of unquestionable power and eloquence he criticised in an adverse sense the whole policy of the government with regard to the Canadian colonies. Melbourne's reply was to the effect that he fully accepted the principles which Brougham had recommended, and with regard to the outburst of spleen and spite which had disfigured his speech, he said:

He all along knew it must come — that the spirit of bitterness, the acerbity of feeling which took its birth in the noble and learned

lord's mind in the beginning of 1833, and which had been gathering strength and bitterness from long and forcible suppression, must break out at last. This was nothing more than he had long expected. . . . He thanked the noble and learned lord for his active support in 1835: he thanked the noble and learned lord for his absence from the House in 1836, for his less active support in 1837, and he felt an irritation at the very different tone which the noble and learned lord's regard for the public service, his zeal for the public welfare, his great patriotism, and his anxious desire for the people's wellbeing, had reluctantly compelled the noble and learned lord to adopt in the present session.

The soft answer in this case failed to turn away wrath, and Brougham continued to gird at Melbourne with unabated vigor. H. B., as usual, illustrated the situation with infinite humor in a parody of Mulready's well-known picture "The Wolf and the Lamb," Brougham being the big bully and Melbourne the shrinking boy, while the queen in the character of the mother comes to his rescue.

Towards the close of May the Melbourne ministry sustained the first of that long series of defeats which ultimately drove them from office on the question of negro apprenticeship, which Sir Eardley Wilmot wished to see at once abolished. Wilmot succeeded in obtaining a majority of three in a house of one hundred and eighty-nine, and of course ministers were able without much difficulty to rescind the resolution a short time afterwards. Two days later, Mr. Cresswell brought forward the claims of the persons whose goods and ships had been seized by the Danish government in 1807. The government resisted the motion for an address to the crown, but Mr. Cresswell carried the point by a majority of thirty.

These defeats of the ministry produced no immediate effect, for the simple reason that the coronation was close at hand, and on the eve of such an event anything approaching to a political convulsion was to be avoided. Melbourne's great personal beauty and manly bearing rendered him conspicuous amongst the crowd of nobles and gentlemen of England who shared in the ceremonial. To Lord Melbourne, of necessity, was confided the distribution of those honors which custom provides for such occasions. His conduct in the discharge of this duty was marked by all his peculiar and not unpleasant humor. For himself he would accept nothing. His only son was dead, and with his death the title would become extinct. He had,

therefore, no motive for desiring promotion in the peerage, and his half-melancholy, half-cynical humor found ample diversion in the struggles of ambitious and greedy placemen for honors and emoluments.

On the day of the coronation Lord Durham prepared in Canada an extremely unpleasant defeat for his colleagues at home. He had been sent out to pacify and restore order to the disturbed province, and his notion of performing that task appears to have consisted in setting himself above the law. Melbourne made a short and very feeble defence, to the effect that Lord Durham, being on the spot, must know better than anybody at home what ought to be done, and that it was not fair to attack an absent man. On the 7th of August Brougham returned to the charge, pointing out in a brief and pungent speech the utterly illegal character of Lord Durham's acts, as well in exiling one set of offenders to Bermuda, as in proclaiming others guilty of high treason and liable to execution without trial. Melbourne replied that, except as regarded Bermuda, Lord Durham had not exceeded the exceptional powers conferred on him by Parliament. Lord Ellenborough demurred, protesting with great vigor against the notion that there was anything unpatriotic in watching carefully all that was done by agents of the government when armed with exceptional powers.

Two days later Brougham was able to inflict an even more serious blow on the prestige of the Melbourne Cabinet. He had brought in a Declaratory and Indemnity Bill for Canada, the object of which was to heal the wounds inflicted upon Canadian popular feeling by Whig mismanagement. The bill was opposed by Lord Glenelg, then colonial secretary, and by Melbourne, who argued against it upon the ground of its being likely to weaken Lord Durham's government. He admitted that Lord Durham's line of action had been exceptional, but contended that the state of the country was exceptional also. Somewhat injudiciously, he argued that the other side had no right to complain of the acts of Lord Durham, seeing that they had not opposed his appointment, or offered any objection to the powers proposed to be confided to him. The Duke of Wellington, whose loyalty and patriotism had been tested times without number by Melbourne, considered this allusion to be levelled at himself, and replied in a very forcible speech, dealing

with the matter from the constitutional point of view. The second reading was carried by a majority of eighteen in a house of ninety. It is significant of the feelings of the House of Commons with regard to the ministry, that the bill passed through it without an amendment and without a division.

A feeling was rapidly growing up with the public that there was an unworthy disposition on the part of the Whigs to cling to office, in spite of defeat in Parliament and the general unpopularity of their measures. Two caricatures of this period are eminently interesting. One shows Melbourne asleep in an easy-chair, placed on the top of a strong box labelled Treasury. On one side is Brougham with a crowbar striving to overthrow the *faindant* minister, and saying, "I would if I could;" on the other is Wellington, also with a crowbar, but not using it, and saying, "I could if I would." The other caricature is not less telling. The scene is an inn with the passengers by the coach engaged at dinner, they being of course the ministry, with Melbourne in the chair. The passengers by another coach are impatiently waiting to take their places, upon which Melbourne says, "We can't keep them waiting much longer. Tell the gentlemen we will make way for them presently when we have had a little more salary."

The year 1839 was yet further to damage Melbourne's reputation. First came the unhappy business of Lady Flora Hastings, in which Melbourne acted from first to last with the most extraordinary want of tact and judgment. In this unhappy business, however, everybody with the exception of the victim appears to have blundered egregiously, and those who should have been the first to set an example of discretion were the worst offenders of all.

The colony of Jamaica, through its complete and sad mismanagement by Lord Melbourne, was one cause which further weakened his government, and had long been a source of trouble to English governments. When the national conscience, stimulated by the eloquence of Wilberforce, Buxton, and Brougham, had at last abolished the odious institution of slavery, the planters of Jamaica imagined themselves to be ruined men—as indeed a good many of them were—and exercised a great deal of ingenuity in evading the laws passed for the protection of the negroes. Amongst other offences, they refused to accept a Prisons Bill which had

been devised for their especial benefit by her Majesty's government at home; upon which the ministry, with that impatience of opposition which is no infrequent characteristic of the Liberal party, brought in a bill to suspend the constitution of Jamaica. The business was managed in a characteristically blundering fashion. Canadian difficulties which in themselves were much more serious, were dealt with by a royal message and by a modification of the arrangements of the government; but this matter, which was after all a mere question of conflicting jurisdiction, they proposed to deal with by a violent suspension of constitutional guarantees. When the time came for the House to go into committee on the bill (3rd of May), Peel pointed out the objections to the course proposed, and contrasted the forbearance shown to rebellious Canada with the peremptory attitude taken up with regard to a colony which it was admitted had already suffered not a little from the sudden awakening of the English nation to the evils of slavery. The debate was adjourned to the 6th, and was then continued until a late hour, and on a division ministers found themselves in a majority of only five in a house of five hundred and eighty-three. Even the Whigs of 1839 could not resist the inference to be drawn from such a division as this, and they accordingly placed their resignations in the hands of the queen. Melbourne announced their decision in the upper house in a speech which is a perfect miracle of involved and ungrammatical verbiage.

The queen sent for Peel, who prepared to undertake the formation of a Cabinet in which Lyndhurst would have been chancellor, Wellington president of the council, Graham home, and Aberdeen foreign, secretary, while Peel himself would have taken the combined offices of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. But the Cabinet was never destined to be formed. Acting upon the advice of Lord Melbourne, the queen refused to permit the Whig ladies of her bedchamber to retire with the out-going Cabinet. Peel was obstinate in requiring the removal of the two sisters of Lord Morpeth—the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Burlington—and of Lady Charlemont and the Marchioness of Normanby. On her side, the queen is reported to have said that "she would rather be reduced to the level of a private subject than be deprived of the society of those to whom she was personally attached, and who had been the friends of

her childhood." The newspapers took up the controversy; the *Morning Chronicle*, as the official organ of the Whigs, declaring that Sir Robert Peel had insisted upon "complete dominion in the palace," even to the nomination of the "female attendants on the queen's person."

Peel's position was a most difficult and delicate one, and there can at this distance of time be little reason for doubting that the Whigs were guilty of using the queen as the instrument of a particularly discreditable intrigue. He began by stipulating for *carte blanche* in the formation of his ministry, and that stipulation was at once acceded to by her Majesty, who was fully informed of the meaning of the arrangement to which she had been asked to consent. This was on Wednesday, the 8th of May. Late on Thursday the 9th, after Lord Melbourne had had a long interview with her Majesty, an intimation was sent to Peel that the terms of his *carte blanche* must be curtailed so far as the female appointments in the household were concerned. The Marchioness of Normanby and Lord Melbourne together were generally credited with having brought about this change in the arrangements, the immediate effect of which was that Peel on Friday, the 10th of May, declined to attempt the formation of a ministry, and Melbourne returned to office. On the following Monday ministerial explanations were offered by Peel and Lord John Russell in the Commons, and on Tuesday by Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington in the Lords. Under the circumstances the declarations of the former were received with a good deal of scepticism, especially, it may be noted, by the more advanced members of the Radical party.

I now [he said] frankly declare that I resume office unequivocally and solely for this reason — that I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, and especially when a demand is made upon her Majesty with which I think she ought not to comply — a demand in my opinion inconsistent with her personal honor, and which, if acquiesced in, would make her reign liable to all the changes and variations of political parties, and render her domestic life one constant scene of unhappiness and discomfort.

Naturally enough, nobody seems to have believed these professions for a moment, and the queen herself shared the unpopularity of her ministers. A story was industriously published describing her extreme grief over what she had been compelled to do. "The queen," said the

Standard, "was deeply affected when the lord chancellor and Lord Melbourne definitely informed her Majesty that the Whig government was extinct. She wept for a long time and deplored her situation." It was stated, further, that she had been most unwilling to send for the Duke of Wellington, and still more indisposed to take the duke's advice and send for Peel. Some of the newspapers declared that she strongly resembled George III. in obstinacy and self-will, whilst all — Tory and Radical alike — spoke of Melbourne as a "power behind the throne," and compared his position with that of Lord Bute at the beginning of the reign of George III. The caricaturists were naturally busy, and H. B.'s fertile pencil surpassed itself. The queen was shown with a pair of scales in her hands: one labelled "Public Service," and containing the leaders of the Tory party; the other inscribed "Private Friendship," and containing three women. On the same day another appeared, showing Melbourne in the character of a thimble-rigger. Another represented the queen as a child in the midst of a circle of Whig ladies playing the game of "can't get out." In a fourth, Melbourne was seen recovering from a fainting-fit, under the care of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Normanby. A fifth depicted ministers at the Treasury accepting cheques from Mr. Spring Rice. The epigraph to this print was a quotation from Lord John Russell's explanation: "It is impossible for any man of feeling to abandon his sovereign under such circumstances." And when at the end of the year the taking of Chusan was reported, Melbourne was depicted as a Chinaman holding out a placard, inscribed "Spare us for the sake of our women."

The sharpest thing was perhaps the criticism of the *Spectator*: —

The Tories, it would appear, are "done." A very clever trick has been played upon them. The cast-off manoeuvres of their ancestors have been practised, successfully for a time, on themselves. Whatever may be the result, the means by which it has been obtained are certainly most creditable to "Reformers." To be beaten in Parliament, to be compelled to resign the Government to the Tories, and to owe restoration to a girl's obstinate refusal to part with two or three bedchamber women, is precisely the position which rational patriots must covet!

Peel did not escape censure. He was considered to have proved himself to be wanting in true political sagacity. His proper course would unquestionably have

been to allow the queen to have her own way in the household, and when the approaching general election had given him a majority, the changes in the household would have followed as a matter of course.

Lord Beaconsfield has assigned another reason for objecting to the line taken by Peel. "The leader of the Tory party should," he says, in "Coningsby," "have vindicated his natural position and availed himself of the great occasion; he missed it, and as the occasion was inevitable, the Whigs enjoyed its occurrence. And thus England witnessed for the first time the portentous anomaly of the oligarchical or Venetian party, which had in the old days destroyed the free monarchy of England, retaining power merely by the favor of the court." On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Peel had something more than a mere show of right on his side. A vast amount of nonsense was talked of the ladies about her Majesty's person being the "friends of her youth;" as a matter of fact, the queen had never spoken to any one of them, or even seen them unless at some public reception, and their appointments were made in 1837, on purely political grounds.

The wife of the lord president of the council was first lady of the bedchamber; one sister of the secretary for Ireland was mistress of the robes; another, lady of the bedchamber; as was also the wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The sister of the secretary at war was a bedchamber woman. The sister-in-law of the home secretary and the daughter of the chancellor of the exchequer, and the wife, sister, and daughter of Lords Durham, Spencer, and Grey were maids of honor. And according to a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who spoke with authority, so exclusively political were these appointments in their character, that not only had the Duchess of Kent no voice in the selection of the first household of the queen, but she was actually not aware of a single one of the appointments until she read them in the public journals. Something more remains to be said. Melbourne had made these household appointments purely political, and it was hardly for him to complain if his successors followed in his line, especially when, as the Duke of Wellington explained in the Lords, ministers kept before them the importance of consulting, "not only the honor of her Majesty's crown, and her royal state and dignity, but also her social condition, her ease, her convenience, her comfort; in short, everything which tend-

ed to the solace and happiness of her life."

If precedent were wanting, the case of Lady Durham was ready to hand. Lord Durham had resigned his office in Canada, immediately on the disallowance of his ordinance, and had returned home in an exceedingly bad temper. He applied for an audience of the queen, but was refused, and his wife forthwith resigned her place in the household on the express ground that he "could not with any credit permit his wife to receive court favors—particularly nowadays, when court favors are mere ministerial badges and rewards." Finally, with the memory of what had happened in the reign of Queen Anne through the intrigues of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham—the then "friends of the queen's youth"—full in view, it was hardly to be expected that men of honor and of spirit like the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, would condescend to accept office during the good pleasure of the intriguing Whig ladies who were about the person of the queen.

It is not a little amusing to find that the severest critic of the government on this occasion was that most Whiggish of Whigs, Lord Brougham, who, in a speech full of bitter sarcasm, taunted his quondam friends and allies with getting back into office upon a bedchamber question. He analyzed the shameless lie about the Whig ladies being "friends of her Majesty's youth"—a figment which he characterized as "a vile and audacious falsehood—a fiction without even the shadow of a foundation." After this speech it is easy to understand the clever print of H. B., in which Melbourne figures as Don Giovanni, and Brougham as the statue leading him off to his condemnation.

The mischief which Melbourne's conduct on this occasion did, can hardly be exaggerated. For one thing, it stimulated disloyalty and disaffection to an almost incredible extent, and gave an impetus to the most foolish rumors. Feargus O'Connor assured a Chartist mob at Manchester that the "Hanoverian clubs in London," whatever they may have been, had entered into a plot to depose the queen, and to place the "bloody Cumberland" on the throne in her stead. Mr. Henry Grattan assured a Dublin audience that if the Tories had come into power, the queen's life would not have been safe for a day; and at an anti-poor law meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, at which Lord Stanhope presided, supported by Lord Teyn-

ham and Mr. Duncombe, a Chartist orator was allowed to propose that a subscription should be opened for the purpose of presenting the queen with a skipping-rope, and a birch rod. Finally, when at the end of June her Majesty paid her annual visit to Ascot, she was for the first and almost the only time in her life received with hissing.

The queen was naturally much distressed at such treatment, and it having been represented to her that the Duchess of Montrose and Lady Sarah Ingestre were amongst the persons guilty of this rudeness, the queen showed her displeasure to these ladies at a state ball at Buckingham Palace. The slanderer was stated to be Lady Lichfield, and both ladies applied to her for a disavowal of her share in the scandal. She at once denied that she had made any such communication to the queen, but when called upon to put her disclaimer in writing, she hesitated, and finally declined to do so without consulting her lord. In the end she wrote a letter explicitly denying the charge brought against her. Armed with this letter, the duchess waited upon the queen and demanded an audience. She was refused on the ground that none but peers and peeresses in their own right could claim that privilege. Before this decision was arrived at, however, Lord Melbourne had been sent for; but it was Lord Uxbridge who, after keeping the duchess waiting for, it is said, two hours, announced that she could not be received by her Majesty. The duchess was extremely angry, both at the refusal of an audience, and at being kept waiting for two hours in an antechamber, and insisted upon Lord Uxbridge taking down in writing all that she had intended to say to the queen. She furthermore required that what she had dictated should forthwith be laid before her Majesty, and caused the duke to enter upon a correspondence with Lord Melbourne upon the subject of her complaints. These events being made public, caused the queen to be for a time as unpopular as her prime minister, so that when she went in state to prorogue Parliament at the end of the session she was coldly received. According to the *Morning Herald*, "a regal procession of this character, of so silent, not to say so sad an aspect, has not been seen in England for many years past."

From this time forward the record of the Melbourne ministry is practically a mere chronicle of defeats. A victory of a purely party kind was won in the election

of a speaker in the room of Mr. Abercromby. The ministry put forward Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who became one of the best and most generally esteemed occupants of the speaker's chair; while the Tories brought up Mr. Goulburn, who, though a respectable politician and a worthy man, was not generally liked even by members of his own party. The contest was a very close one, but in the end Mr. Lefevre was elected by a majority of eighteen in a house of six hundred and twenty members.

On the 29th of July, Lord John Russell was beaten in the Commons on the Birmingham Police Bill, and compelled to accept the terms proposed by Peel. That town had proved itself too apt a pupil in the revolutionary school of the father of Reform, and the House would not submit to a scheme which would have placed its police at the orders of a democratic town council. A few days later Brougham once more appeared in the part of the "candid friend," bringing in a series of resolutions condemnatory of the Marquis of Normanby's government of Ireland. There was certainly ample ground for criticism. The administration of justice had been allowed to become a perfect farce, and the prerogative of mercy had been exercised in the most capricious fashion without the smallest reference to the fitness of those pardoned, and without inquiry of the judges who had tried the cases. Brougham made a very powerful speech, more than hinting that the prerogative was used for factious ends. Melbourne was not unnaturally extremely angry, and declared that "a more violent, a more bitter, a more inveterate, a more intemperate, and a more criminating speech was never heard in" the House of Lords. Brougham replied in a characteristic oration, taunting the government with having "utterly forgotten the very name as well as the nature of Whigs, and consented to stand upon a mere court intrigue—a mere bedchamber quarrel—against Parliament, and against the people." The house was thoroughly with him, and the resolutions were carried by eighty six to fifty-two. It is difficult to see how any other result could have been arrived at. The committee which Lord Roden had obtained, in spite of Melbourne's earnest opposition, had had evidence before it that during his progress through the south of Ireland, Lord Normanby had pardoned between two and three hundred inmates of the gaols upon the mere report of the gaolers and turnkeys.

Melbourne may not have felt himself greatly discredited by the result of this debate, though it afforded somewhat unpleasant evidence of the contempt into which his administration had fallen. The next matter in which he was mixed up, however, was unquestionably damaging to him in every way. His chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice, had not been successful as a minister, and it was desirable to bring about his retirement. The only way which suggested itself to Melbourne's mind was to confer a peerage upon him, and he was accordingly made Baron Monteagle of Brandon, and, as he was a very poor man for a peer, he was presented to the office of controller of the exchequer. In order to create a vacancy for him, Sir John Newton, who had formerly been chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, and who had received this appointment as a reward for his services, was induced to retire, and, as he was not in affluent circumstances, was awarded a pension of £1,000 a year out of the £1,200 a year allowed for pensions on the civil list. The matter was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Liddell, and a very personal debate followed. Lord Morpeth made the best defence he could, but the feeling of the House could not be misunderstood, and ministers found themselves in a minority of twenty-eight. Of course they did not resign. Had they been very sensitive they would have gone out of office a fortnight before on the question of Prince Albert's annuity. Melbourne, always rather lavish, had proposed with the sanction of the queen an allowance of £50,000 a year. Mr. Hume — as consistently economical — proposed to reduce the annuity to £21,000. Colonel Sibthorp came to the rescue with a compromise, which, however, was almost as injurious to the government as a defeat. Hume's motion had been rejected by three hundred and five to thirty-eight, but the proposition to give to the prince only £30,000 a year was carried in the teeth of the ministry by two hundred and sixty-two to one hundred and fifty-eight votes. The court was deeply grieved about this matter. Prince Albert himself, writing to the queen from Brussels (1st February, 1840), stigmatized the vote of the House of Commons as "truly most unseemly," and complained somewhat bitterly of the conduct of certain members of the House of Lords, who in his opinion had "made themselves needlessly disagreeable."

After this defeat it seems somewhat strange that Melbourne should have clung

to office. The world was assured that there was nothing unworthy in his attitude, and that he kept office merely to oblige the queen, and to avoid a difficulty in political affairs at the moment of the royal marriage. It curiously happened, however, that at that very time a ministerial crisis arose in France on the question of the *dotation* — the marriage settlement — of the king's son. The ministry brought in a bill for a liberal annuity. The Chamber by a majority of twenty-six refused even to consider the propositions of the government, basing their refusal on the facts, first, that they were grossly extravagant, and secondly, that the Orleans family already possessed so large an amount of private property that anything like an appeal to the country for more was indecent and out of place. Marshal Soult accordingly resigned, and though "the king was furious," the economists carried the day and the Duc de Broglie was sent for to form a government. Here matters were managed on a different principle. Melbourne, it was true, was in a minority in both Houses of Parliament, but the feelings of the queen must be studied, and resignation must at any cost be avoided.

The beginning of the end was approaching. The revenue had long been declining, and a succession of bad harvests made it evident that the new chancellor of the exchequer would find no small difficulty in providing for the necessary expenditure. Large reforms in fiscal legislation were looked upon as inevitable. Mr. Baring proposed, therefore, to revert to Lord Althorp's propositions of ten years before, and by reducing the duties on timber and on sugar, give a fillip to the declining commerce of the nation. A further reform was likewise proposed by the substitution of a duty of eight shillings a quarter on corn in lieu of the sliding scale. To this last proposition Melbourne gave only a very qualified assent. Like almost all the men of his time, he looked with suspicion upon any proposal which might weaken the agricultural interest, and he was especially anxious to avoid a step which would inevitably relax party ties without assuring a permanent settlement. Lord John Russell thought that he was going as far as was either safe or prudent by reducing the sugar and the corn duties, and Melbourne reluctantly followed his lead, though he was convinced that the corn duties must eventually go, if the public credit could not be sustained, and the public service kept up, by the old ways of taxation. Lord John gave notice accord-

ingly of his intention on the 7th of May, 1841, to move the abolition of the sliding scale of 1828, and to substitute for it fixed duties. The chancellor of the exchequer in the mean while moved resolutions reducing the sugar duties. The debate lasted for eight nights, and at its close the government found themselves in a minority of thirty-six in a house of five hundred and ninety-eight members.

There was nothing surprising in the defeat of the government, but there was a good deal that was in the conduct of the administration after its defeat became known. A ministry in a minority of thirty-six would, it might reasonably be thought, at once make way for its opponents, but it was not thus that Melbourne regarded his position. Macaulay convinced him with little difficulty that, Parliament having sat for four years, a dissolution was the most natural way of meeting the difficulty, and a dissolution was accordingly determined upon. The appeal to the country was consequently made in July, on the 19th of which month Lord John Russell thanked the electors of the city of London for his return, and obligingly informed them that the adherents of the Whigs must prepare themselves to witness the exclusion of their party from office. By the 24th of the month all doubt was at an end, and it was seen that the Whig majority had faded away, and that the new Parliament would consist of three hundred and sixty-eight Tories, as against two hundred and sixty-two Liberals of all shades. On the 24th of August the new Parliament was opened by commission, and four days later the fate of the Melbourne ministry was decided. The Lords had carried their amendment to the address by a majority of seventy-two; and the Commons on the morning of the 28th, after a three nights' debate, put ministers in a minority of ninety-one. On the 30th, ministers resigned, and Sir Robert Peel was entrusted with the formation of the new administration. There was a little difficulty, as before, about the ladies of the bedchamber, but it was finally settled by a compromise. The ladies who were wives or sisters of Cabinet ministers retired, but those "friends of her Majesty's youth" who had no such connections retained their posts.

With his retirement from office Melbourne rapidly faded from the public view. He spoke several times during the first session of the new Parliament, but the old fire was gone, and his appearances in public became even less frequent. He lost his taste for society and lived much

alone, reading, but hardly able to say that he knew much of what his reading was about. In October, 1842, he was attacked by paralysis, and lay for many hours insensible. In time, however, he recovered and was able (according to Mr. Torrens) to describe his illness as "a runaway knock, though he did not care to know the fellow who gave it." He led the opposition in the Lords during the session of the following two years, but he was no longer himself. His eager vivacity and really considerable capacity had deserted him, and after a while he ceased to trouble himself much about his Parliamentary duties. Gradually he sunk into a lethargic condition,* and when political changes were impending, he found that his old colleagues and associates were disposed to neglect him. There is something unspeakably melancholy in the tale of the last years of his life,—how he sat alone for days together in his house in South Street, a widower, childless and almost friendless; ill and feeble; neglected by those who ought to have courted him, and the victim of that callousness, which with some men is the invariable accompaniment of prosperity. Broken in health, deserted by his friends, lonely and unhappy, he lingered on until 1848. In that year he gave his last vote in the House of Lords, leaving his proxy in the hands of Lord Lansdowne, to be given in favor of the bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. By November all was over, and the last of the purely Whig ministers whom this country is likely to see, went over to the majority. He was not a great man, but he was not destitute of ability; he was not a man of genius, but he possessed a certain amount of capacity; he was singularly popular with women, and as singularly unfortunate in his dealings with them; and to crown all, he was the personal friend of the queen, though whilst advising her generally with sufficient wisdom, he contrived to induce her to commit some of the least wise and least popular acts of her long and happy reign.

* Lethargy seems to have been the normal condition of Lord Melbourne as of Lord Glenelg. (See the Runnymede Letters, *passim*.)

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A CHAMPION OF HER SEX.

CLARISSA HARLOWE has recently been spoken of in a flippant and mocking spirit as "the aboriginal woman's rights per-

son." The same claim has been advanced for more than one of the three daughters of King Lear, and one might make out a case for aboriginals of much earlier date, our choice ranging from Medea to Hypatia, according to our fancy of what constitutes the type. But there is a real aboriginal of considerably greater antiquity than is commonly supposed, a "woman's rights person" of the fifteenth century, whose claims to this high honor rest on the substantial foundation that she not merely acquired fame as a writer in man's most peculiar fields, composing the best mediæval manual of military tactics and international law, but also wrote a formal treatise on the disabilities of women, in which she defended her sex against the aspersions of monks and men of the world, and anticipated most of the arguments familiar to the present generation.

This mediæval paragon, who has to her credit more than fifteen thousand verses besides her prose works, was Christine de Pisan. She is mostly known to historians as the author of the "*Livre des Fais et Bonnes Meurs du sage Roy Charles V.*," a vivid picture of the court and the policy of that monarch; but this was only a small part of her literary work. There was no kind of composition known in her day which she did not attempt, from *ballades* and *virelays* to moral and scientific treatises. Of course she was obliged to take part in politics. She had no other means of attracting the notice and conciliating the support of noble patrons; and six persons, besides herself, were dependent on her pen. It is to Christine's honor that, living in the troubled reign of Charles the Sixth, she used what influence and eloquence she had on the side of peace. The woman's influence was used as women's influence ought to be, but according to the satirists, with whom Christine exchanged many words, so seldom is. She was driven at last to take shelter in an abbey, and from this seclusion, in 1429, she issued her last writing, a song of triumph over the victory of Joan of Arc.

Thus Christine vindicated the dignity of her sex by example as well as by precept. Her reputation was deservedly great among her contemporaries, and it stood high throughout the fifteenth century. At that time it was already an object of ambition with princes to attach learned persons to their courts, and Christine seems to have received tempting offers from more than one to leave her adopted country. Gian Galeazzo Vis-

conti, whose honors in this kind were not conferred without good reason, invited her to Milan. Henry the Fourth was so pressing in his invitation to England that she could evade him only by stratagem. One of her sons was in the service of the Earl of Salisbury, who had made Christine's acquaintance and conceived a great admiration for her when he visited the French court to negotiate the marriage of the child Isabella with Richard the Second. After the execution of Salisbury, Henry took possession of the boy, and would not allow him to return to France, but invited his mother to join him in England. Thereupon Christine practised what she would have called a *cautel*; she professed herself highly honored by the king's invitation, and requested that her son should be sent to fetch her; then, when she had him safe and sound she excused herself and remained in France. Christine herself records these evidences of her high reputation, and modestly suggested that the wide fame of her writings, which spread rapidly into many lands, was less owing to their worth than to the strange fact that they were written by a woman.

All through the century her reputation stood firm. A translation of the "*Moral Proverbs*" of Christine was one of the earliest productions of Caxton's press; and he published also a translation of her "*Livre de Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie*," the manual already mentioned of military tactics and international law. Even in the reign of Henry the Eighth this manual continued to be quoted, although written by a woman, as authoritative. In this reign also, in 1521, was printed and published "*The Boke of the Cyte of Ladies*," a translation of Christine's "*La Cité des Dames*." The printer was Henry Pepwell, and he set forth in his prologue that the book came into his custody from the hands of Bryan Anslay, one of the king's yeomen of the cellar. This would seem to be the only form in which Christine's defence of her sex against monastic scurrility and depreciation ever appeared in print. Strange to say it was never printed in France, although the king's library contains many manuscripts of it, and it was apparently one of the most popular of her works for several generations.

That "*La Cité des Dames*" has been printed only once, and then in a translation, and is now entirely forgotten, is a sad instance of the disproportion between fact and expectation. The authoress in-

tended it to be, and her contemporaries had good reason for expecting it to be, a perpetual city of refuge for ladies; a storehouse of arguments good for all time against men who should say that "women are fit for nothing but to bear children and spin." It is a surprisingly modern book in spite of its antiquated allegorical dress, and its quaint pre-Renaissance notions of history, in accordance with which Minerva, Medea, and Sappho figure, as shining examples of female capacity and virtue, side by side with Christian martyrs and noble ladies of the Middle Ages. Mediæval allegories are often condemned as tedious; but they are not really so except to students who are anxious to get at the pith of a treatise, and have no time to enjoy the lively play of fancy, and the realistic settings with which the mediæval artist tried to beguile readers into the perusal of solid morality and instruction. We find the preliminary flourishes and collateral graces tedious when we are eager to get at the substance, and do not give them a fair trial. These allegories were the novels of the Middle Ages; most of them novels with a very obvious purpose, yet often brilliantly written, and as full of action and lively circumstance as if the leading characters had borne the names of a common humanity instead of those of abstract qualities. Riches and Magnificence, Avarice and Jollity, even Reason and Justice, are often in the pages of the mediæval allegorist as strongly defined and vitalized personages as the heroes and heroines of modern novels. Apart from the dramatic skill of individual writers, the difference between the mediæval abstraction and the modern person is mainly a difference of naming.

Christine's "City of Ladies" is not a conspicuously brilliant example of the allegory. Its allegorical setting is, in fact, slight and conventional, and affords hardly any artistic protection to the mass of facts arranged in support of her argument. Yet the book opens with a brightness and animation that must surprise those who expect to find dullness or inartistic clumsiness in pre-Renaissance literature. This is how the opening is rendered by the English translator, modernized only in spelling and punctuation:—

One day as I was sitting in my little cell, divers books of divers matters about me, mine intent was at that time to travail, and to gather into my conceit the weighing of divers sentences of divers authors by me long time before studied. I dressed my visage towards those foresaid books, thinking as for the time

to leave in peace subtle things and to disport me for to look upon some pleasant book of the writing of some poets, and as I was in this intent I searched about me after some pretty book, and of adventure there came a strange book into my hands that was taken to me to keep. I opened this book and I saw by the intitulation that it called him Matheolus. Then in laughing because I had not seen him, and often times I had heard speak of him that he should not speak well of the reverence of women, I thought that in manner of solace I would visit him. And yet I had not looked long on him but that my good mother that bare me called me to the refectory of supper, whereof the hour was come. Purposing to see him in the morning, I left him at that time, and in the morrow following I set me again to my study as I did of custom. I forgot not to put my will in effect that came to me the night before to visit the foresaid book of Matheolus.

It was "in manner of solace" that Christine proposed to visit the ribald Matheolus, but she had not read far when she concluded that the matter was "not right pleasant to people that delighted them not in evil saying," that it was of no profit to any edifying of virtue, and that both in word and in matter the book was ungentlemanly. This curiosity in the scurrilous humor of the Middle Ages has been reprinted in the present century, and we can see for ourselves that Christine's taste was not at fault. She soon put the book aside, she tells us, and gave her attention to higher and more profitable matters. Still, worthless as the book was, it set her thinking why it was that so many clerks, not merely persons like Matheolus of no reputation, but philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians, had agreed with one accord to speak evil of woman as a being predisposed to all vices. She began to examine herself as "a woman natural," then all her acquaintances, princesses, great ladies, and middle-class gentlewomen. She could not see that the judgment of the philosophers was right. Yet she argued strongly within herself against these women, saying that it would be too much that so many famous men and solemn clerks of high and great understanding should be mistaken. Every moral work contained some chapters or clauses blaming women. Her understanding must be at fault. She recalled all the hard things that she had heard of women, and applied them to herself. "Right great foison of ditties and proverbs of divers authors" came before her. She remembered in herself one after another, as it had been a well springing. Overwhelmed by the weight of this authority, Christine could only conclude that

"God had made a foul thing when he made woman," and she "marvelled that so worshipful a workman deigned ever to make so abominable a work." Great sorrow took possession of her, and she addressed God reproachfully, asking why she had not been born in the masculine kind, so as to have been able to serve him the better. Then came a vision that comforted her.

As I was in this sorrowful thought, the head downcast as a shameful person, the eyes full of tears, holding my hand under my cheek, leaning on the pommel of my chair, suddenly I saw come down upon my lap a streaming of light as it were of flame. And I that was in a dark place in which the sun might not shine at that hour, started then as though I had been waked of a dream; and dressing the head to behold this light from whence it might come, I saw before me standing three ladies, crowned, of right sovereign reverence. Of the which the shining of their clear faces gave light unto me and to all the place. There as I was marvelling, neither man nor woman with me, considering, the door close upon me and they hither come, doubting lest it had been some fantasy, for to have tempted me, I made the sign of the cross in my forehead full of dread. And then she which was the first of the three, in laughing began thus to reason with me: "Dear daughter, dread ye nought, for we be not come hither for nothing that is contrary with thee, nor to do thee to be encumbered, but for to comfort thee as those that have pity of thy trouble, and to put thee out of the ignorance that so much blindeth thine understanding. Thou puttest from thee that thou knowest of very certain science, to give faith to the contrary, to that which thou feelest not, ne seest not, ne knowest otherwise than by plurality of strange opinions. Thou resemblst the fool of the which was made a jape, which was sleeping in the mill and was clothed in the clothing of a woman, and to make resemblance those that mocked him witnessed that he was a woman, and so he believed more their false sayings than the certainty of his being. How is it, fair daughter, and where is thy wit become? Hast thou forgotten how the fine gold proveth him in the furnace that he changeth not his virtue, but it is more pliant to be wrought into divers fashions. . . . It seemeth that thou trowest that all the words of philosophers be articles of the faith of Jesu Christ, and that they may not err. And as to these poets of which thou speakest, knowest thou not well that they have spoken in many things in manner of fables. And do intend so much to the contrary of that that their sayings sheweth. And it may be taken after the rule of grammar the which is named Antiphrasis, the which intendeth thus as thou knowest well as one should say, 'Such an one is a shrew,' that is to say that he is good, and so by the contrary. I counsel thee that thou do thy profit of their sayings and thou understand it so

whatsoever be their intent in such places whereas they blame women."

Christine's three visitors proceed to tell her that they have come to constitute her the champion of her sex, and to help her to build a city in which women, hitherto scattered and defenceless, might forever find refuge against all their slanderers. In Pepwell's edition of "The City of Ladies" there is a woodcut representing the scene, a rough reproduction of a drawing in the manuscript, Christine seated at her desk, and the three visitors in a row each with an appropriate symbol, Reason with a mirror, Righteousness with a rule, Justice with a measure. "We shall deliver to thee," these personages say, "matter enough stronger and more durable than any marble, and as for cement there shall be no better than thou shalt have. So shall thy city be right fair, without fear, and of perpetual during to the world." Reason is to help her to lay the foundations, Righteousness to build the walls and the cloisters, and Justice the battlements and high towers. Against all but ladies of good fame and women worthy of praises, the gates of the city are to be strongly shut. "I prophecy to thee," says Reason, "as very sibyl, that this city, shall never be brought to nought."

Then Christine is told to set to work at once and dig deep in the earth for a foundation, which, being interpreted, means that she is to ask questions of Reason and record the answers. To read these questions and answers brings into mind the saying of La Bruyère, *Les anciens ont tout dit*. A specimen or two will show at least that the question of woman's business and other capacities was very fairly raised in the fifteenth century. For example, Christine asks why women sit not in the seats of pleading and justice. The answer is in effect that there are sufficient men, and that men are stronger of body to enforce the laws. But if any say that it is because women have not sufficient understanding to learn the laws, the contrary is made manifest by many examples. A long array is quoted, partly mythical, partly historical, of empresses, queens, duchesses, and countesses celebrated for their administrative successes and martial exploits — Menalippe, Hypolyta, Semiramis, Tamaris, Zenobia, Fredelund, Blanche, the mother of St. Louis, and many more recent widows "who maintained right in their dominions as well as their husbands had done."

"Of women of worship and knight-hood," Reason says, "I might tell thee

enough ; " and the knightliness of woman being thus established, Christine proceeds to ask " if ever God list to make a woman so noble to have any understanding of the highness of science." In answer to this, Reason is most explicit : —

I say to thee again, and doubt never the contrary, that if it were the custom to put the little maidens to the school, and they were made to learn the sciences as they do to the men-children, that they should learn as perfectly, and they should be as well entered into the subtleties of all the arts and sciences as men be. And, peradventure, there should be more of them, for I have taught heretofore that by how much women have the body more soft than the men have, and less able to do divers things, by so much they have the understanding more sharp there as they apply it.

Reason does not think that women should meddle with that which is committed to men to do, but doubts not but that if they had equal experience they would be equally full of knowledge. And she quotes many examples of women " illuminated of great sciences," from Sappho down to Christine's countrywoman Novella d'Andrea, daughter of a professor of civil law at Bologna, who lectured to her father's students with a curtain before her, that her beauty might not distract the attention of the young men. But Christine, resolved to meet boldly the worst things said of the female intellect, demands next " if there was ever woman that found anything of herself that was not known before." To this Reason promptly answers that the Roman letters were invented by Nicostrata, otherwise called Carmentis; that Minerva invented iron and steel armor, Ceres the tilling of the earth, Isis gardening, Arene the shearing of sheep, Pamphila the weaving of silk; that Thamar was a mistress of the art of painting, and that Sempronia knew Greek and Latin and was a most accomplished musician. After enlarging on the wealth that has come to the world through the inventions of these noble ladies, Reason has a fling at the " evil-saying clerks " — " they should be ashamed and cast down their eyes, seeing that the very Latin letters, upon the knowledge of which they pride themselves, were invented by a woman."

Such were the foundations of Christine's city of refuge for ladies. When Reason has laid the foundations the walls are raised and crowned with most prosperous speed. Her sisters Righteousness and Justice dispose easily of the arguments of those who deny the moral

qualities and the piety of women. All the gibes of monastic cynicism are triumphantly refuted by examples. The work runs to considerable length, as Christine has gathered into it all the materials she used in her numerous battles on behalf of her sex. We dare say it will be news to many of the modern advocates of the cause that it found so eager and thorough a champion nearly five hundred years ago. Christine's city is a large and rambling range of building, with many quaint towers and turrets, but though time has undermined some of its argumentative defences, one is astonished to find how much of it is still suited for modern habitation.

Another of Christine's works enjoyed a still greater reputation in its day. The manual of military tactics and international law is perhaps the most surprising of her achievements. It is the book known to antiquaries in Caxton's translation as " *The Boke of Fayttes of Armes and Chyvalrye*." The importance and authority attached to the work may be judged from the fact that it was at the desire of Henry the Seventh that Caxton undertook the translation. To describe it as a manual of military tactics and international law is strictly correct. The productions of Caxton's press are oftener referred to than read, and the common impression about " *The Boke of Fayttes*," derived from a fanciful construction of the title, is that it is a collection of stories of chivalrous exploits. It is a grave, solid, systematic treatise, handling many topics of the highest policy, from the manners of a good general and the minutiae of siege operations to the wager of battle, safe-conducts, and letters of marque.

For a woman to attempt the compilation of a soldier's manual was such an extraordinary undertaking that Christine felt bound to make an apology before she went beyond her prologue. She appealed again for her main justification to Minerva, the goddess of war, " the inventor of iron and of all manner of harness." A woman might fairly write about the laws of war when it was a woman that invented its chief implements. But Christine did not profess to be original. She trusted partly to recognized authorities and partly to the kind offices of knightly friends. Indeed, when she was half through her work, it seems to have occurred to her that she might be accused of plagiarism, and she prepared an ingenious defence, in which the vexed question how far an author may help himself from the works

of others is solved with great plausibility. One evening after she had completed the second of the four parts of the book she fell asleep, and a venerable figure appeared to her in her dreams which she recognized as the impersonation of her master Study. "Dear love, Christine," he said to her, "I am hither come to be thy help in the performing of this present book. It is good that thou take and gather of the Tree of Batailles that is in my garden, some fruits of which thou shalt use." This was the master's figurative way of saying that Christine was now to have recourse, for that part of her work which dealt with political questions arising out of war, to Honoré Bonnet's "*Arbre des Batailles*." Hitherto she had been chiefly indebted to Vegetius and Frontin. "But, my master," she objected, "I beg you to say whether any rebuke will be cast at me for using the said fruit." By no means," Study replied. "It is a common use among my disciples to give and impart one to other of the flowers that they take diversely out of my gardens. And all those that help themselves were not the first that have gathered them. Did not Maister Jean de Meun help himself in his Book of the Rose of the sayings of Lorris, and semblably of others? It is, then, no rebuke, but it is laud and praising, when well and properly they be applucked and set by order. And there lieth the maistrise thereof. And it is better to have seen and visited many books."

To the statement of this theory of literary communism it ought to be added that Christine not only shows her "maistrise" in "applucking" skilfully, but is most explicit in the acknowledgment of her obligations. The knights who assisted her in her elaborate directions for siege operations — certain knights wise in these feats of arms — did not desire their names to be known, but everybody else from whom she borrows receives due credit.

The life of this remarkable woman has attracted very little notice from English writers. Horace Walpole touches lightly on her career in his "*Royal and Noble Authors*," commenting with polite levity on the attachment entertained for her by the Earl of Salisbury. This is the only notable reference to her in English literature, and it might have been more respectful. But in France Christine has naturally received more attention. Her biography rests upon autobiographical passages in her own writings, most of which are accessible only in manuscripts in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The anti-

quary Boivin the younger led the way in exploring these at the beginning of last century. His paper on Christine and her father, Thomas de Pisan, printed in the "*Transactions of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*," restored the once famous authoress from her obscurity. Unfortunately, though the Abbé Boivin produced a curious scrap of biography, he did not perform his task with sufficient care. Doubtless with the best of intentions, he killed Christine's husband thirteen years before, according to Christine herself, his death actually took place. Nobody has discovered on what authority Boivin fixed the date. It may have been that he considered it necessary to account for Christine's resort to authorship as a livelihood. It may have been that he considered it necessary to account for the warmth of the language used by the Earl of Salisbury in his love songs to Christine. At any rate it was unfortunate, for it gave Horace Walpole an opportunity for sneering both at Christine and at her lover. The amiable cynic of Strawberry Hill was under the impression that Christine was a widow when the earl addressed her, and expressed some little contempt for him because he could not persuade the mother to leave Paris, and consoled himself by taking her young son under his protection. The truth is that Christine's husband, Etienne du Castel, was alive at the time. This fact was brought to light by the writers of the notice of Christine in the *Petitot* collection of memoirs. But Boivin's paper, being first in the field, has continued to be the basis of notices of Christine de Pisan in dictionaries of biography, although an excellent monograph has since then been written by Mme. Raymond Thomassy.

It is indeed a very interesting life. By birth Christine belongs to the illustrious company of Italian women who adorned the early years of the Renaissance. She was a native of Italy, and, though she wrote in French, her place is with the female poets, jurists, and scholars whose learning and talents excited the admiration of the Italian courts and universities in the Middle Ages. Her father, Thomas de Pisan, was a renowned astrologer. To the modern ear this is as much as to say that he was a disreputable quack. The whirligig of time and the researches of the *Psychical Society* may bring round its revenges to astrology, but it is difficult nowadays to attach even the idea of respectability to this occult art. It was otherwise in the reign of Charles the

Fifth of France. The latter half of the fourteenth century was the palmy period of astrology. Its position then was an adumbration of the position now occupied by science. All the honors now paid to men of science were then absorbed by the astrologers. The catalogue of famous astrologers drawn up by Simon de Phares, and the recital of their achievements in predicting great events and detecting great criminals, commanded as much respect as would now be given to a catalogue of European men of science and their most notable discoveries. The feats of Nicolas de Paganica and Mark de Gênes in foretelling births and deaths in royal families passed from gossip to gossip, and from writer to writer, like the fame of Helmholtz or Pasteur. For a time all the affairs of life, public and private, were regulated by the advice of the stars. Charles the Fifth, who had an especial respect for the science, kept many astrologers on handsome pensions. Such a patron as he, with men always about him to make the requisite calculations, would not have undertaken a journey, or made a present of a jewel, or put on a new robe, would not even have gone outside the gates of his palace, without first ascertaining whether the aspect of the heavens was favorable. And every great baron, every dignitary of the Church, had at least one astrologer in his pay, and would not have dreamed of making an addition to castle or chapel until this authority had selected the propitious moment. Chaucer may or may not have meant to be ironical when he said of his doctor, —

Well coude he fortunen the ascendant
Of his ymages for his patient.

But fashionable patients undoubtedly expected as much of their doctors in Chaucer's time. Wars were undertaken and battles begun only with the same high sanction.

In these palmy days of astrology, Thomas de Pisan, according to his daughter, was at the very top of his profession. She says that in the opinion of experts entitled to judge there was not in his own generation, and there had not been for a hundred years before, a man of such profound knowledge in mathematical science and astrological calculation. She mentions one great proof of his skill that could not easily be surpassed. He predicted the hour of his own death, and he died punctually at the appointed time. Respect for his art could not have been carried farther. Christine is suspected of

having been guilty of a little exaggeration in her description of her father. Other contemporary chroniclers do not assign him the same prominent place. It is remarked that she speaks in terms of very high praise of all her relations — an amiable feature in her character. Concerning Thomas de Pisan she even goes so far as to say that the great prosperity of the reign of Charles the Fifth was chiefly due to his counsels. If that monarch undertook affairs of moment only when his favorite astrologer told him that the conjunctions were propitious, this is at least an evidence of the good judgment of Thomas de Pisan. Putting aside the question whether Christine was misled by filial affection, her account of her father is to the following effect. He was a native of Bologna, where he had considerable property. He married the daughter of a Venetian doctor, a councillor of the republic, and, fixing his residence in Venice, was himself soon promoted to the same dignity. In a few years his reputation as an astrologer and an adept versed in all the sciences spread beyond Italy. Having occasion to visit his native city of Bologna, he there received at the same time pressing invitations from the king of Hungary and the king of France to pay them a visit. He decided in favor of the king of France, being influenced to this decision partly by Charles the Fifth's great repute as a patron of science, and partly by the high character of the University of Paris, which he wished to see. He did not propose to stay more than a year in France, and left his wife and children behind him in Bologna, but Charles was so charmed with his conversation that he resolved to attach Thomas de Pisan permanently to his court. The astrologer received, besides his courteous entertainment, the substantial temptation of a most munificent salary; so he sent for his family and settled in France.

Christine was five years old when, in 1368, she was presented along with her mother at the court of Charles. She does not forget to say that they were magnificently apparelled *à la Lombarde*. Although a somewhat ostentatious man, with a turn for magnificence, and careless of the money liberally bestowed upon him by the king, Thomas de Pisan was a good father. He took great pains with Christine's education, taught her French and Latin as well as Italian, and made her study science as well as belles-lettres. She acknowledges also that he acted wisely in the choice of a husband for her.

She had many offers, knights, nobles, and rich officials being among her suitors. "Let it not be supposed that I boast of this," she writes in recording the circumstance, "for the authority of the honor and great love that the king showed to my father was the cause, not any worth of mine." This was Christine's modesty, for in addition to her brilliant talents and vivacity, she thanks God elsewhere that she had a person free from deformity and pleasing enough, and a complexion that was not in the least sickly. The extant portraits represent her as a comely woman, with regular features and a tendency to *embonpoint*. Whatever her personal attractions, she, or her father for her, with her subsequent approval, declined all the chevaliers and *riches clerics* in favor of a young Picard gentleman, a man of good family, greater in virtues than in wealth, by name Etienne du Castel. Through the astrologer's influence he was appointed one of the financial secretaries of the king. Christine was only fifteen years old at the time of her marriage.

It was well for Christine that her father had taken pains with her education. Two years after her marriage, in 1380, Charles the Fifth died, and with him departed the good fortune of the family of Thomas de Pisan. The astrologer, with his turn for magnificence, had always lived up to his income, and his son-in-law as well as himself found much less lucrative employment after the king's death. Thomas de Pisan soon followed his patron to the grave. Christine's husband was disabled by ill health, and it fell upon her to support the family. Her mother and two poor relations, beside three children of her own, were dependent on her. She undertook the duty with heroic energy. She had acquired a reputation as a writer of *ballades*, *virolays*, and other poetry, but she resolved to qualify herself for what seems to have been more profitable work, and, counting all that she had learned in her youth as insufficient, she set herself, as she tells us, anew to the ABC of learning. "I betook myself to ancient histories from the commencement of the world, the histories of the Hebrews, the Assyrians, and the principal empires, proceeding from the one to the other, descending to the Romans, the French, the Britons, and other subjects of chronicle; then to the problems of the sciences, as far as the space of time that I studied could comprehend them; finally to the books of the poets." The number of authors that Christine refers to furnishes an index to the

extent of her studies. M. Petitot has compiled a list of them: "Among Greek authors one remarks the names of Homer, Sappho, Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Chrysostem, etc. She mentions even several sayings and maxims attributed to Socrates, to Democritus, to Diogenes, to Pythagoras, and several other philosophers. Among the Latins, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Juvenal, Lucan, Cicero, Valerius Maximus, Suetonius, Seneca, Boethius, Apuleius, Vegetius, Pompeius Trogus. The works of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Ambrose were familiar to her. Her writings prove that she had not only read these various authors, and many others that we cannot add to the list, but that she had made a profound study of them, and one cannot but feel a certain astonishment when one finds in a woman of the fourteenth century an erudition such as is hardly possessed by the most laborious men."

That Christine had read in the original every passage from every author that she quotes it would be too much to believe. There were compendiums in those days by the aid of which it was possible to make a great display of learning at small expense; and students were necessarily very much dependent upon these compendiums, copies of the originals not being accessible to everybody. But with every allowance for this, it is obvious that Christine was a great reader, and for her age a very accomplished scholar. There is an air of scholarly substantiality, an amount of literary flesh on the bones of her works, very rare in the Middle Ages. All the writers that were known in France in her time were known to her. Charles the Fifth had a collection of nine hundred volumes in the Library Tower of the Louvre. She had access to this, and through her friend Gerson, the chancellor, to all the literary treasures of the University of Paris. Christine shows not only great skill in the handling of her materials, but unmistakable evidence of business-like industry in the accumulation of them. When she had bravely made up her mind to subsist by her pen, Anthony Trollope himself did not go to work with steadier energy and purpose than Christine de Pisan. She reminds us frequently of Trollope in her precise enumerations of the quantity of work accomplished in a given time. Her first six years of authorship, begun after the above elaborate preparation, were especially prolific. "Between the year 1399," she says,

"and the year 1405, during all which time I never ceased, I compiled fifteen principal works, without counting other occasional little writings, amounting altogether to about seventy quires of large size." This period of vigorous industry was distracted by the death of her husband in 1402, by lawsuits following thereupon, and by the death of her most munificent patron, Philip of Burgundy, in 1404; but misfortunes only stimulated the courageous woman to increased exertions.

Christine did not escape calumny. The warmth of her amatory verses, which excited the suspicions of Horace Walpole, exposed her also to disgraceful insinuations from her contemporaries. She complained bitterly of these slanders, and solemnly protested her innocence. She had no time for intrigues. She did not speak in her own person; the warmth of sentiment in her lays and ballads was purely dramatic, and an imaginative assumption. "When people speak evil of me," she says, "sometimes I am vexed, and sometimes I only smile and say to myself, 'The gods, and he and I, know that there is no truth in it.'" Apart from the impassioned tone of her love songs, which was simply that of the period, there is not a tittle of evidence against the lady's reputation. Her detractors found support for their slanders in the brave show that, womanlike, she kept up when her fortunes were at their lowest ebb. Even when reduced to the necessity of borrowing money, she never relaxed in her determination to keep up appearances, and carefully concealed her poverty from the world. Her repast was often sober, she says, as became a widow, and under her mantle of grey fur and her gown of scarlet, not often renewed but well preserved, she was often sick at heart; and she had bad nights on her bed, though it was handsome and stately; but there was nothing in her face or her habit to show the world the burden of her troubles.

A hard struggle Christine seems to have had. The income of authorship was very precarious in those days. A copyist had a more certain livelihood. Once an author had parted with his manuscript, copies might be multiplied to any degree without his consent. He was not consulted, and he was not paid; the copyright belonged to the owner of the manuscript. There was no great demand for original works. An author's only chance of obtaining remuneration for his labors was to present his work to a powerful patron with a flattering dedication, leaving it to the patron

to make such a return as his generosity dictated. The fulsomeness of dedications, highly peppered to please a patron and enlist vanity on the side of generosity, is often denounced by modern writers, who are perhaps not much more scrupulous in their appeals to the great modern patron, the public. The author of the fifteenth century was probably as conscientiously persuaded of the virtues of his patron as the author of the nineteenth century is of the virtues of his. When Christine de Pisan resolved to support herself and her family by authorship, she had peculiar difficulties in her search for a patron. The patronage of literature was indeed already established as a thing becoming the high station of a prince. Charles the Fifth had done much to encourage a healthy rivalry in this matter among the princes of Europe. But the distracted reign of his successor was a bad time for the literary aspirant in France. Why Christine persisted in clinging to her adopted country at such a time, and steadily refused the tempting offers of the Duke of Milan and the king of England, is not clear. The secret of her attachment to Paris must remain one of the mysteries of her life. It may simply have been that all her friends were there; and that as a sensible woman she doubted the permanence of the favor of patrons in every country, even if she could depend upon the permanence of their power. Anyhow, she remained in France, and addressed herself to one after another of the factious chiefs, by whose struggles for prominence the unhappy kingdom was torn.

She flattered them all in her dedications — the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Berry, Isabella of Bavaria, the queen — but she did not attach herself to any party, and she maintained a lofty tone both in morality and in politics. There was nothing base in her flattery. She credited the objects of it with virtues that they did not possess, but the virtues were such as they would have been much the better for possessing. Praise for any quality that was really virtuous, even though the recipient of the praise did not deserve it, was a wholesome influence in a generation when the corruption of the chivalrous ideal had reached its worst, when courtly magnificence of living was disgraced by shameless orgies, and public honors were sought by the vilest intrigues and the most treacherous assassinations.

One of Christine's first works was a

collection of chivalrous precepts thrown into the form of a letter sent by the goddess Othea to Hector of Troy at the age of fifteen. Othea is a personification of wisdom, and she tells the boy, in a succession of maxims in verse, each followed by explanations and exemplifications in prose, after the manner of the Cato Major, what he must do, and what he must avoid, in order to become a perfect knight. It was dedicated to the Duke of Orleans, whose faction was in the ascendant at the close of the fourteenth century. The Duchess of Orleans, Valentine Visconti, was a countrywoman of Christine's, and this may possibly have influenced her first choice of a patron. There is, unfortunately, no reason to believe that the excellent precepts of this treatise had any effect on the duke himself. The paramour of Isabella was probably too far gone in unknighthood to be reclaimed by precepts. But it is possible to believe that the epistle of Othea was not without an influence on the character of one of the brightest mirrors of chivalry, Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, whom Valentine with rare generosity educated, and who had already before her death given proof of his truly chivalrous spirit. Valentine's reputation stands out fair and spotless from the dark background of that profligate and intriguing court. After the assassination of her husband, and her fruitless attempts to have justice done upon his murderer, she lamented that she must look for redress in the future to Dunois rather than to any of her own sons. The exhortations of Christine may have found a suitable soil in his gallant spirit.

But Christine was indebted also to the house of Burgundy, from which came the unfair blow that laid her first patron prostrate. A few years after she began authorship, in 1403, she sent her treatise on the "Mutation of Fortune" as a new year's gift to Philip the Hardy, who was for the time at the head of affairs in Paris. Philip sent her a munificent present in return, commissioned her to write the work by which she is best known, the "Life of Charles the Fifth," and placed documents at her disposal. He died three months afterwards, before Christine, rapid writer as she was, had finished the first part of her work. M. Petitot remarks with justice on this instance of Christine's extraordinary facility in writing. The book was ordered in the month of January. The first part was completed on the twenty-eighth of April. It is true that a large

proportion of the work consists of general reflections and historical comparisons for which no research was required, and that the method followed allowed the writer to put down her facts as fast as she acquired them. Still, even this first part contains many details about the management of the royal household, and the administration of justice and finance that could not have been obtained without vigorous study of documents. The whole manuscript was completed on the first of November, and is certainly a remarkable achievement of rapid study and composition.

The completed work was presented to the Duc de Berry, but John of Burgundy also patronized the indefatigable authoress, and the register of the chamber of accounts contains several entries of donations made to the widow of Etienne du Castel for books presented to him. Her life became more difficult after 1405, when the struggle between Burgundy and Orleans waxed hotter. We find her in the October of that year writing till past midnight to finish a *plourable requeste des loyaux Francoys* to the queen, a touching appeal to Isabella of Bavaria to remember the danger to the realm incurred by these dissensions. Again and again in the course of the next ten years she addressed similar appeals to the royal family and the leaders of the factions. She was the mouthpiece of the moderate party in the state, and her writings give a vivid idea of the horror and shame with which they looked on helplessly while the kingdom was being torn in pieces. After the battle of Agincourt, which verified her gloomiest anticipations, Christine disappeared into a convent, and nothing reached the public from her pen till she was able, in 1429, to celebrate the triumphs of Joan of Arc.

The life of this first champion of her sex, so denominated by herself, and thoroughly worthy of the title, would furnish occasion for a complete picture of the position of women in the Middle Ages. The various mediæval conceptions of woman as she is and woman as she ought to be are shown in Christine's writings in full argumentative conflict; and practical illustrations of the best and the worst are to be found in plenty in the court of Charles the Sixth. Christine herself is cast after the noblest type of mediæval womanhood, and a certain stage of feudal society is mirrored in her works as it is nowhere else.

W. MINTO.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THROUGH THE STATES.

THE approach to New York is a surprise. Day by day you have been drawing nearer to that enormous American continent. Steam and sail have carried you from Europe over more than three thousand miles of ocean; you strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of land; in vain. The first intimation you get of the approach to port is the roof of some colossal hotel on Long Island, looming up above the horizon like some sea-monster floating on the water; then you see the white tusks and the pagoda of the elephant restaurant on Coney Island; then a long line of sandy coast becomes visible, but not a cliff or a bluff, and you wonder if that strip of low-lying grey sand can be the edge and rampart of a vast country. Gradually you steam up the Narrows; the ship sweeps round majestically, and the harbor of New York bursts upon the view. The entire water-front of New York has been spoiled by paltry wooden piers, dirty and dilapidated wharves, and hideous sheds. The journey up town from the wharf, when you have landed, is generally made through the meanest and dirtiest parts of the city, and along badly paved streets which a shower of rain converts into swamps. But at last, after jolting over mazes of tram-lines and passing under several branches of the elevated railroad, you reach Broadway, the main artery of New York, deposit your baggage in one of the great caravansaries, and proceed to explore the city. The task is not difficult, so far as finding your way is concerned. New York is built on a long and narrow island cut up into squares, like all American cities, by longitudinal avenues and transversal streets, the avenues, with a few exceptions, provided with tram-cars and elevated railways, the streets with cross-town tram-cars running from side to side. You see very few private carriages or cabs; almost everybody uses the public conveyances, and from morning until night the air is filled with the clatter of traffic over the huge paving-stones, with the incessant tinkling of the horse-car bells, and with the rush and roar of the trains, which literally fly overhead in mid air at the height of the second, and in some parts even of the fourth-story windows. At first this rushing to and fro seems as amusing as it is novel, but very soon it becomes irritating. You feel that you are no better than a shuttle in a loom, forced to go straight up or straight down, backwards or forwards; and if you do at-

tempt a little lateral movement you find that the trajectory is just as monotonously straight, only not so long. Certainly you are transported rapidly from point to point, but with how little comfort! The tram-cars and the elevated railroad cars are alike provided with quantities of little straps dangling from the ceiling. There is no limit to the number of passengers that may be carried. In an American tram-car there is always room for one more, and those who cannot find sitting-room "hang on by a strap." The business man, the lady who is going down town to shop, the odorous negro, the mechanic, the burly policeman who rides gratis, the Irish laborer, the girls and boys on their way to school—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women—pack themselves into these cars and trains with most disagreeable promiscuity. They travel in surly silence, reading newspapers, or gazing hardly into space, and generally imitating the conduct of the stolid conductor, who receives your five-cent fare without a word of thanks and treads upon your corns without a word of apology. The foreigner cannot fail to be struck by the surly indifference of the people with whom one comes necessarily into contact in daily life in New York; such people, I mean, as shopkeepers, railway-ticket clerks, hotel waiters, car conductors, bootblacks. No effort seems to be made to render the commonplace relations of life agreeable, and the most elementary *formule* of politeness have apparently disappeared from every-day language. The waiters rarely thank you for a fee, the railway clerk flings down your ticket and change as if he were angry with you; the bootblack, who charges ten cents for "a shine," has the air of thinking himself above his business. The shopkeeper's first desire seems to be to assert his equality and not to sell his goods.

The exterior aspect of New York is very varied. In the old quarter of the town you find whole streets and squares that remind you of Holland or of parts of London. Up town and in the cross streets the predominating type of house is a graceless, single-fronted brown stone structure, with a flight of eight or ten steps leading up to the front door, and a general look of dingy respectability. I know nothing more depressing than a walk through one of these cross streets, lined on each side with brown stone houses identically similar in every detail, and looking as if each piece of them, from the door-knob to the chimney-pots, had

been made according to contract by machinery and by the gross. In the avenues, excepting Broadway, Madison, and the aristocratic Fifth Avenue, you find a most heterogeneous congeries of buildings, shops with cast-iron fronts, business blocks with no architectural pretensions, shanties and shabby houses of all kinds, the whole bristling with hanging signs, flat signs, gilded and painted figureheads, forming in perspective a veritable forest, which seems to be rendered all the thicker and more impenetrable by the iron pillars of the elevated railroads, the vistas of lamp-posts, electric-light masts, and telegraph poles with their close network of wires crossing and recrossing and literally obscuring the sun. This is doubtless a painful spectacle to the "æsthetic" eye, but we must remember that New York is mainly a business city; in its streets and avenues commerce reigns with undisputed sway, and we ought perhaps to feel astonished that so much heed is given to mere ornament. The elevated railroad, for instance, is ugly enough in itself, but the stations perched in the air and approached by covered stairways are really pretty features in the street scenery of the city, amusing in silhouette and pleasing in color and ornament. The Produce Exchange, in the heart of the business quarter, is an imposing building of grand and simple proportions, and it has the great merit of appropriateness. Jefferson Market is a neat structure, and many of the new red brick and terracotta buildings down town are admirable specimens of architecture and of intelligent decoration. The woodwork, the panelling in native hard woods, and the very original and effective colored glass so universally employed throughout the eastern cities, are all good. Here the native artists have been left to their own resources, and they have certainly made excellent use of their abundant and varied native materials. The Americans have evidently "gone in for" architecture and decorative art within the past few years with that same zeal and determination which they habitually show in their business enterprises. But the development has perhaps been rather forced; much of the work bears the stamp of having been produced to fulfil an order for the finest and dearest things of the kind that could be had, and not the most tasteful or the most appropriate. It is evident also that what was in fashion one year was not always in fashion the next; indeed, I have been told that fashion in architecture in America changes about every two years. Fifth

Avenue and the environs of Central Park form the great trial ground of the American architects for town houses, just as Newport does for summer villas. In the course of an hour's walk you may see what is and what has been considered most modish, not only in domestic but also in ecclesiastical architecture. Fifth Avenue is lined with churches; there are Gothic, Romanesque, Tudor, Italian, Byzantine, and also barn-like churches; there are spires and towers in every form; but I discovered only one church which has architectural merit throughout, one church which, so to speak, holds together and bears analysis from the points of view of art, usefulness, and tradition, and that is the new Catholic cathedral. I discovered likewise but one house in Fifth Avenue which seemed to be above criticism — perfect in proportions, in architectural decoration, and in appropriateness. America has yet to learn the meaning of charm of line and sobriety of ornament. The same tendency towards excess which causes many New Yorkers to paint red bricks redder, leads them also to the erroneous conviction that mere quantity of precious materials and mere profusion of ornamentation will of itself produce a fine effect. This tendency accounts for bathrooms with walls entirely covered with enormous slabs of Mexican onyx, for plain brown stone houses adorned — O incongruity! — with Corinthian pillars of marble so delicately carved that the capitals have to be enveloped permanently in wire netting to protect them from flies or sparrows. It accounts also for the phenomenon of a Gothic cathedral portal serving as the entrance to a Renaissance dwelling-house, and for many other queer combinations that may be seen on either side of Fifth Avenue. The famous house of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, which is more or less typical of the style of house inhabited by the American merchant princes, is a good specimen of over-decoration and lavish profusion of rich material — I speak of the inside only. The entrance hall is wholly of marble; the floor is marble mosaic, the walls are of precious polished marble, the seats and tables are of massive marble. The covered atrium of the house has also a mosaic pavement, and is surrounded by red marble pillars capped and bound with bronze; the walls are partly of marble, partly of fine woodwork, partly hung with Flemish tapestry, and partly panelled with gilded and painted papier-maché work. The staircase is of richly carved wood, and the walls are

wainscoted, while above the wainscoting comes more gilded and painted papier-maché panelling. In the midst of all this splendor of material and workmanship the pressed papier-maché looks cheap and paltry. How can the designer have conceived such a combination? The drawing-room in this house is dazzlingly brilliant. It seems to be full of pillars and tables and pedestals of Mexican onyx with gilt mounts; the lamps are studded with opalescent and colored glass *cabo-chons*; the chairs are upholstered in the most showy Japanese embroidered silks; the walls are hung with red Japanese velvet, studded with metal ornaments, stones, and brilliants, which by their dazzling scintillation naturally destroy the effect of a beautiful ceiling painted by Galland. The splendor of this room is barbaric; it reminds one of the scenery of a fairy piece at the Châtelet Theatre. Throughout this costly house one might continue criticism in the same strain; everything is too ostentatiously precious; the magnificence is too lavish; there is no repose, no dignity, no quiet beauty, the effect of which grows upon you gradually and charms you instead of merely striking you brusquely and imperiously with a shock that lasts but a moment.

In eastern America one sees so much over-decoration, so much bigness, so much excess, that one is forced to conclude that it is what people here like. The Americans do frankly glory in their ten-story houses, their big ferry-boats and river steamers like floating palaces, their big fortunes and big failures, their big newspapers, and, indeed, in big things of every kind. The ordinary house furniture is unnecessarily large and heavy, and the language of the average American is full of exaggerations and superlatives, and Titanic metaphors couched in familiar language. I imagine there must be a peculiar magnetic quality in the air of America which stirs up Aryan blood into a state of perpetual ebullition, and augments energy in every way. Hence the unrest of American life, the unremitting driving, and pushing, and struggling. The American man, as we all know, is fond of trotting horses, and in the afternoon he delights to air his team in the beautiful avenues of Central Park. You may imagine that it is a pleasant relaxation to ride in a light buggy behind a pair of swift horses, and to enjoy the air, the scenery, and the animation of the park. No; it is really hard work. In his insatiable thirst for activity, the American man has trained

his trotting horses to pull by the reins and not by the traces, and so he sits in his buggy with outstretched arms, holding the ribbons taut, pushing against the dashboard with his feet; and thus the horses pull the driver, who simply forms an animated connecting-link between them and the vehicle.

With this love of intensity and excess, imagine what the stage must be! In this as in all other matters of public concern, the *élite* of the American nation forms only a powerless minority. The average audience appreciates apparently low comedy, burlesque, melodrama, ranting, high notes in singing, short skirts, and brilliant scenery. When Mme. Judic first appeared in New York, many of the newspaper critics found that that exquisitely feminine *comédienne* did not dance about, did not show her legs, did not sing loud enough, did not know how to make telling effects—all which, being interpreted, means that Mme. Judic's action, diction, and singing were of a more delicate and finer character than those estimable critics could appreciate. One night I went to see the "Comedy of Errors" at the Star Theatre. This, I was told, was one of the finest spectacles ever put on the New York stage. Certainly the scenery and the costumes were very pretty, but the effect of both was much impaired by the want of contrast. In the scenery the prevailing masses of color were very pale rose and green and blue, under a dazzling white light; the costumes also were of those delicate and luminous shades, and there was not a square foot of reposeful shadow in the whole spectacle. The parts of the two Dromios were played by two popular favorites who excel in low-comedy effects, but the rest of the actors and actresses had but very rudimentary notions either of elocution or deportment; the ladies aspired their h's with an affectation which showed that they had not always been accustomed to that effort; the ballet-girls had not learned one of the first lessons in choreography, which is to look pleasant and smiling; their faces were dull and expressionless, and their feet not so nimble as they might have been. This spectacle was not a complete success from the artistic point of view, but an effort had been made; and therein lies one of the charms of America, that efforts are being made all the time, and in the course of years these efforts will doubtless produce wonderful results. "All we want is a few more years," is an expression frequently on the lips of the patriotic American.

A few more years! Yes, and perhaps the establishment of professors of civilization and of the science of life in the chief cities of the Union — professors who would teach the beauty of elegance of life and manners, and expound Aristotle's doctrine of moderation and the mean by reference to modern instances. I can imagine the objection that some American reader will raise. "You are forming conclusions too exclusively from observations of New York," he will say. "But New York is not a political centre, nor a literary centre, nor a centre of fashion. It is simply a commercial centre. The stamp of New York cannot give currency to a book, a picture, a stage play, or a man or a woman." It is indisputable that at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Chicago, people form their own judgment of men and things independently of New York; but in spite of that, the *prestige* of New York remains. No other city in the United States impresses the foreigner in the same way; no other city has that unmistakable air of being one of the great capitals of the world which New York has. Washington, which the foreigner is frequently requested to admire as being, potentially at least, the prettiest city in America, is the State capital, and thanks to the diplomatists, the statesmen, and the many people of means and leisure who have chosen the city of broad streets for their home, Washington is also a social and intellectual centre, just as Versailles was in the olden times. But when did the opinion of Versailles venture to pit itself against the opinion of Paris? Who would attempt to persuade the foreigner that the sporadic nudity of Washington had the aspect of a capital? The Capitol is, indeed, a grand and majestic building exteriorly, but in the interior of the monument the feature that perhaps impresses itself most indelibly on the visitor's memory is the grandiose proportions of the spitoons. The other government buildings and the Smithsonian Institute have also a certain chilling vastness in their proportions. But Pennsylvania Avenue, lined with fine trees and mean houses, will suggest the Champs Elysées only to a very unretentive memory. Of all the eastern cities Boston is the most suggestive of stable civilization and more widely spread refinement; but no one could mistake that hospitable and agreeable city for a national capital. The equalitarian American — proud of his city, proud of his State, devoted to local interests, as a good citizen should be — protests, as one can readily understand,

against the supremacy of New York. The Boston blue-stocking will slyly remark that she is in the habit of going to New York when she needs intellectual repose. Such protestations of independence and local self-sufficiency form a healthy element in the national life; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that New York does impose its influence on the other cities of America. New York, it may be urged, is a cosmopolitan centre; but, in American civilization, is not the predominating influence cosmopolitan? And does not this influence radiate mainly from New York? New York society exists by itself, says an American authority, Miss Gail Hamilton, and outside that city "there exists a great wide independent world, which not only receives no law from New York, but never thinks of New York, does not know that there is any New York. It is in the city and in the country. It has all the conveniences, all the refinements, and many of the luxuries of modern material life. It has as much intelligence as New York; it reads more, thinks more, and deals with more things. It speaks as gently and it stands more firm." Making allowance for a little feminine exaggeration, this statement of the case is doubtless correct, so far as it goes. The prestige attached to New York in the eyes of the world at large must not be traced to the influence merely of its social life; it is rather the prestige of the greatest, the richest, and the most brilliant of American cities, the prestige of the city which sums up in its varied life and interests the most characteristic and original aspects of American civilization. The refinements and luxuries of material life are to be found all over the country; intellectual life in all its phases is spread widely throughout the different States, and the traveller who is accustomed to the broad divisions of European society into that of the capitals and that of the provinces, cannot fail to be struck by the universality of a certain kind of social life in America. Wherever he goes he is sure to find intelligent, well-informed, sociable people, with whom it is interesting to talk, and whose wide sympathies and varied curiosity renders their commerce agreeable. One might also go so far as to say that a narrow-minded man or woman is a rarity in America, while equality and democracy, and a general habit of self-reliance and independent judgment render it impossible for any single citizen or any group of citizens to put himself or themselves above the others. Criticism is everybody's right,

and a right which is very freely exercised. And so the term society in America comes to have a very vague signification; and, indeed, how can it be otherwise in a democratic republic? Look at modern France. What is meant by French society? Is it the old *noblesse*, whose members are often richer in titles than in money, and who live dismally in their country houses because they can no longer afford to make a figure at Paris? Is it the aristocracy of finance, that spends its money freely on *fêtes* and luxury? Is it the rich *bourgeoisie*? Is it Madame X's set, or the set of the Baronne Z.? There is absolutely no arbiter to decide. Each set has the right to consider its company the most select and elegant, or the most amusing, or the most intellectual, although of course great prestige attaches to an ancient and historical name. In America society has a still vaguer signification than it has in France. There is no autocrat, no dispenser of social reputation, no supreme authority — like the Prince of Wales in England, for instance — who is cognisant of the entire area of American society. London society, it has been said, is nowadays a chaotic congeries of sets, more or less exclusive, living a monotonous, uninteresting, and wearisome life, the object of which is ostensibly amusement, while really it is the satisfaction of social vanity, the doing of "the correct thing," the strict observance of all the conventional rules and customs of life, conduct, morality, and manners which have received the approbation of the Prince of Wales. American society is likewise composed of an infinity of sets, but these sets can claim letters patent from no supreme voucher. In each city social relations are based mainly on congeniality; and in certain cities, like New York and Boston, more or less prestige is attached to birth, but so little that it would hardly count at all in comparison with intelligence and eminent social qualities unsupported by birth. Even in English society the principle of aristocracy has been largely superseded by the principle of plutocracy; and then again after all, birth in America is a matter of so few years. In New York the descendants of the old Dutch settlers may look down upon the parvenus who can only trace their descent three generations backwards, much more so upon the upstarts of only two generations. But practically this family pride offers no obstacle to real merit and intelligence. The prestige of old and stable fortunes is naturally greater than that of fortunes recently ac-

quired, whose owners have generally been so wholly occupied in the pursuit of riches that they have neglected to acquire that degree of culture without which social intercourse, as distinguished from friendship or mere good fellowship, cannot exist. In New York then, as in London, but with far less precision in the lines of demarcation, society is composed of many sets, some more fashionable, more stylish, and more select than others. There have been, and there still are, in that city hostesses who have had the manners and bearing of duchesses of the old *régime*, and whose qualities have naturally made them prominent figures in social life, but they have always held their position in virtue of their personality and not merely of their birth or of their wealth. The Americans would never submit to be bored by dull formalism; their object, so far as society is concerned, is amusement, and, with the exception of a few Anglo-maniacs, they are not satisfied with mere conformity to convention; they demand real amusement. At a ball, a reception, a dinner party, or any other social meeting, and above all in life at the seaside and at the inland watering-places, there is an absence of restraint and an easy familiarity which simply astounds the European. The most complete liberty of flirtation seems to be the privilege of both sexes; you make friends with great facility, and you find that everybody is bent simply upon "having a lovely time" and helping his or her neighbor to do the same. There is far less regard for appearances, and far less ostentatious respectability than there is in England; but there is less hypocritical virtue and more real morality. Considering the very great freedom of intercourse allowed to the young men and women, and the rarity of any mishaps resulting therefrom, one can only conclude that the sense of honor is very highly developed in both boys and girls. There are, too, many evidences which go to show that the cultivated American man has got rid of much of that underlay of coarse fibre which renders his English cousins somewhat stiff and constrained in their manners, as if they were perpetually afraid of cracking their thin veneer of refinement.

We Europeans have heard much talk about the superiority of the railway and hotel systems of America. Thanks to the competition of rival lines, travelling in the Eastern States is very cheap. The different companies seem to be perpetually trying to ruin each other by underselling,

and in every town you will find a number of agencies where you can buy "cut-rate" tickets for almost any part of the United States, and according to the condition of the struggle between such and such companies, the price of the ticket varies. For instance, a ticket for the thousand-mile ride between New York and Chicago has been as low as five dollars, and last year it oscillated between twelve and seventeen dollars. The railway stations, with few exceptions, are miserable places, where information is a rare commodity and politeness still rarer. In America you are supposed to know, and if you do not know, woe betide you. That great blessing of English life, the obliging railway porter, is unknown in America. The trains are made up of carriages all of the same class and of the same model, with the exception of the Pullman sleeping and "chair-cars," or, as we should call them, drawing-room cars. The ordinary car has a passage down the middle, and seats on either side for some fifty persons in all; at one end is a stove, and at the other a lavabo and a receptacle for iced water; each seat holds two passengers, with very little room for knees and elbows, and none whatever for bag or portmanteau; overhead are little narrow shelves of netting about large enough to hold a bag of bonbons or a roll of music. These cars are often prettily decorated with native hard woods, and they have two advantages; they are well ventilated, and you can walk from car to car the whole length of the train. But for comfort they cannot be compared with the European carriages; and the promiscuity which the system involves is far from agreeable, especially if you happen to be travelling in parts where noisy or inebriated negroes are frequent passengers. An American train is to a certain extent a hotel on wheels. Restaurant and sleeping cars are taken on and off as circumstances require; and the newsboys who travel on the trains offer you the journals of the last town you have traversed, and try to tempt you alternately with cigars, fruit, fans, pirated editions of novels, travelling-caps — "protects from draughts, keeps the 'ead cool" — and other trifles. *A propos* of pirated books, I was amused one day when the train in which I was travelling happened to pass over a stretch of Canadian territory. The moment we had crossed the frontier, at the first station, a boy boarded the train with a new stock of novels published by some Montreal house. "Better paper," cried the boy, "better print, better authors! Howells's new novel! Yes,

sir, that's the beauty of it. We get the American authors in cheap editions here, sir, because there ain't no copyright. On the United States side o' the frontier they can only reprint the English authors." And off he went, offering the newest American novels for twenty-five cents each, "better paper, better authors!" The beauty of it is, to use the newsboy's phrase, that negotiations for a copyright treaty between the United States and Canada have now been going on for some forty years without any marked progress having been made.

When you arrive at your destination on one of these trains, your troubles begin again. Your trunk has been taken charge of by the baggage expressman, who gives you a check, and at a charge of fifty cents undertakes to deliver it to any hotel you choose. But you and your hand-bags and wraps and overcoats, what becomes of you? Hotel omnibuses are not universal, cabs are rare, landaus — the commonest public carriage in New York — are very dear, and often you have no alternative but to walk or to jump into the tram-car. But which tram-car passes near the hotel you have chosen? Where is the obliging porter who helps you with your baggage, and guides your steps in a strange town? However, we will suppose that you have arrived at an hotel and that your baggage has followed you. What a strange place! Imagine a great hall glaring with electric light and bristling with Corinthian capitals, or bronze griffons, or something equally horrible. The floor is of marble, dotted over with flaunting red cuspadores (*Anglice*, spittoons), strewn with cigar stumps, and maculated with tobacco juice and half-chewed quids. Amidst this glare and foulness are scores of easy-chairs, rocking-chairs, and men sitting and standing, all smoking, or talking, or chewing. At one end of the hall is the desk of the laconic clerk, who flings your key upon the marble counter with a clatter; then to the right and left are a cigar-shop, a bar-room, a news-stand, a barber's shop — sometimes called a "tensorial parlor" — an outfitter's shop, a bootblack's stand, and a telegraph office, generally presided over by a pretty maiden who speaks through her nose and is looking out for a husband. At the news-stall you often see a little boy of nine or ten in charge; he has to stand on a stool and reach up to hand you your change, but he already chews a wooden toothpick like his elders, and looks as disappointed and embittered as a man of fifty. Furthermore, all the

lower part of the hotel is apparently a public thoroughfare, and anybody may walk in and make use of its conveniences without any questions being asked, a fact which enables the municipalities to dispense with the erection of those necessary structures which prudish Boston calls "sanitariums."

I failed to discover any semblance of comfort in any of the ordinary American hotels. The bedrooms are furnished in a paltry manner; the toilet utensils are of the commonest description; the gas bracket is invariably placed inconveniently with regard to the looking-glass, and the service is indifferent. One of the great problems of American life is domestic service. In the private houses you never see a retinue of servants such as we have in England. An American citizen cannot wear another man's livery; an American woman would sooner "go out West" than go into service. The servants and waiters throughout the country are, therefore, almost exclusively Irish or other foreigners, and negroes or people of color, who almost always seem discontented and above their work. In vain the innocent traveller places his boots outside his bedroom door when he retires to rest; no notice will be taken of them, unless a thief should happen to fancy them. When you rise in the morning you must put your dirty boots on and take them to be cleaned on your feet, and you may congratulate yourself if the bootblack's stand is not stationed down in the cellar amongst the cockroaches and the waterclosets.

The eating arrangements in an American hotel are peculiar. Supposing that you elect to live on the American plan, you pay three, four, or five dollars a day or more, according to your bedroom, and you eat as much as you please and as often as you please. Four meals a day are prepared, and the cloth is practically laid all day long for breakfast, midday dinner or lunch, late dinner, tea or supper. You walk into the dining room, which is generally of immense size, and the moment you cross the threshold a gigantic colored man, in dress coat and white cravat, snaps his fingers at you, waves his arms commandingly, and assigns you a place at one of the tables. This negro is a "walker," and fulfils the same duties as a *maitre d'hôtel* in a French restaurant. He is ornamental, fussy, and of very little use. The place assigned to you, without your having been consulted as to whether you have any preference in the matter, will be at a table where some six to a

dozen people can sit — a large, broad table, with an enormous cruet-stand in the centre containing all the condiments and sauces under the sun, and two small flagons full of oil and vinegar. The moment you have taken your seat a negro rushes up and pours you out a glass of iced water, which forms the universal drink of the Americans at meals. You cannot escape from this glass of iced water from the day you set foot on American soil to the day you leave it; it pursues you even into your bedroom, for if by chance you ring your bell there follows a few seconds later a furious dash at the door, and the inevitable pitcher of iced water is borne in and deposited on the table. The waiter asks no questions. Any man in the United States who rings his bedroom bell, whether late at night or early in the morning, can want only one thing — iced water. The glass of water having been placed at your elbow at the dinner-table, we will say, a negro waiter bends serenely over you, and waits in silence for your orders. The whole dinner must be ordered at once, and it is all served at once. Thus you say, of course without any of the formula of politeness, "Bring me some oysters on the half-shell, green turtle soup, some clam chowder, some halibut steak, green goose and apple sauce, lambs' fries, sweet potatoes, egg-plant, succotash, stewed tomatoes, Roquefort cheese, lemon pudding, cranberry pie, cakes, watermelon, and French bread." And the negro departs without a word, and returns with as many of these dishes as he has succeeded in remembering, and then he arranges them like a rampart before you. And if you wish to do at Rome as do the Romans, you dip into this dish and that dish, tasting of several simultaneously; you mix up as many flavors as you can, and leave half of each dish unconsumed. The wastefulness of this American system is terrible to think of. And what a disgusting sight it is to see a table-full of people, each one behind his semicircular barricade of dishes, all of them getting cold and all of them more or less in a mess! How one does long to have the choice of a dozen dishes carefully prepared and decently served, instead of having to select from the hundred dishes, lukewarm and poorly cooked, that figure on the bill of fare of an average American hotel! And the crockery and the knives! Dishes and cups and saucers of the coarsest white pottery, very thick and heavy, and knives that have no cutting edge, but are silver-plated, in order that no citizen may have

to demean himself by polishing them. The very best coffee in the world will taste poor when drunk out of a cup a quarter of an inch thick; and reed birds on toast, one of the most indisputably delicate of American specialties, would taste all the sweeter if served on a porcelain dish. Immediate and thorough reform is needed in American household crockery. There are, I know, exceptions, and there are some first-class residential and family hotels in New York and elsewhere where the service is good and the crockery delicate porcelain. Here I am speaking of the average caravansary, with from two to eight hundred bedrooms — "one of our great American hotels" — where the majority of Americans lodge and seem contented. These caravansaries are simply dens of barbarism. Their gaudy architecture and showy decoration, their furniture, their cooking, are all barbarous and abominable.

These and many other details strike the traveller strongly at first, and his serenity is being constantly ruffled by the stolid indifference of waiters and the brusqueness and familiarity of the servants of the public in general. Gradually, however, you discover that there is no positive intention on their part of being unobliging or rude. It is simply a want of delicacy, a want of appreciation of the amenities of life and manners, a habit of self-help and self-reliance, practicality carried to its utmost limits. And you know, too, above all, that, however rough and brusque an American man may appear, he has complete respect for womanhood, which is by no means a barbarous characteristic. A woman, whether she be spinster or wife, or a mere girl, may travel from one end of the United States to the other unattended without fear of meeting with insult or harm, and with the certainty on the contrary of finding ready and willing help from all the men whose services she may need, and that, too, whatever their station in life may be. In the minutæ of civilization the Americans have much to learn; but their hearts are in the right place, and one of these days perhaps the masses will come to recognize the fact that qualities of heart gain by gracefulness in their manifestation.

If the lone traveller, condemned to hotel life and solitary wanderings in strange cities, finds America a comfortless place, the stranger who arrives with a few good letters of introduction will have as pleasant a time as he could desire. The Americans have a delightful way of passing you

on from friend to friend. Everywhere your letters of introduction will procure you obliging cicerones; you will be shown the sights and curiosities in the most agreeable conditions; and the privileges of the best clubs in the city will be yours while you stay. And very splendid and comfortable places these clubs are, peculiarly rich in easy-chairs, and provided with fine libraries and excellent cooks. In New York you will be handsomely entertained at the Union, the University, the Union League, the Bohemian Lotos, or the artistic and old-fashioned Century, and in none of these establishments will the fastidious traveller have to complain of the cooking, of the service, or of lack of comfort. The Union League club-house is larger and more luxurious than any club in London. Exteriorly the building may not perhaps command unmixed admiration, and parts of the interior decoration might be criticised, but on the whole there is a completeness of comfort to be found there which surpasses anything I have seen in London or Paris. The staircase, with its fine decoration of colored glass; the hardwood wall-panelling; the variety of ornamentation in the smaller rooms; the magnificent dining-room at the top of the house, with its windows commanding a view of half New York; the fine open Gothic roof, painted in a rich and original manner; all this is most convenient, roomy, and novel in aspect. In Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Chicago you will be taken to club-houses as monumental as those of New York. In Boston you will find the quintessence of New England refinement at the Somerset Club, which occupies two charming old red-brick houses, with broad low windows looking out on Beacon Street and over the Common. The Somerset is select and fashionable, and its members speak of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock with respect and veneration. Then there is the Union Club, sedate, profoundly respectable, and thoroughly comfortable, and the Country Club, out in the suburbs, beyond Brookline, a delightful old country house, surrounded by forty acres of park. The Country Club tends rather towards sport, and in the grounds are private tracks for flat racing and hurdle racing. In all these clubs the English traveller will be made perfectly at home, and the company will prove as genial, talkative, and cosmopolitan as he could desire, for the Americans are, if possible, greater club-lovers than we English.

The hospitality that the properly recommended traveller will receive in private

houses is of the most cordial and charming kind. If you happen to be in America early in the autumn you will have a chance of seeing some beautiful country houses, and of judging somewhat of American home life in its least ceremonious form. Your Chicago friend, for instance, who passes his days in solving colossal arithmetical problems and in superintending gigantic business operations, will entertain you at a house a few miles out of town, perched on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, and will probably ask you to admire his lawn first of all. A good lawn cannot be created in a few months; it is one of the features of rural England which the Americans most admire and envy, and the possession of a country house with a fine lawn that has a past of several years is almost equivalent to descent from a Pilgrim Father, particularly in a young city like Chicago. The house inside will doubtless be adorned with pictures and Japanese bibelots and fine draperies, everything a little too showy, perhaps, and a little too big. But that is inevitable, for everything in Chicago is big; the streets are the longest and broadest in the Union, the grain elevators are the biggest in the country, and so, too, are the women. Your host, however, although he may not have been able to escape entirely the contagion of that craze for bigness which is peculiarly rampant in Chicago, will be a most interesting man to talk with—well read, full of strange experiences of life, and probably a zealous collector of books withal, or of engravings. As for your hostess, she will extend to you that smooth and caressing hospitality of which the American women have the secret. And when you reflect that Chicago has risen from ashes to its present splendor of granite palaces and imposing avenues in the brief space of some twelve years, your astonishment is not without a mingled feeling of respect for the men and women who have been the makers of this prosperity, and who all seem so very young to have achieved so much.

In speaking of Chicago I have chosen an extreme instance, but still one of the most interesting of the many specimens of civilization in process of evolution which America offers to the observer. In aristocratic and Catholic Baltimore one is not astonished to find the elegancies and refinements of life commonly appreciated by the wealthy classes. In New York, on the banks of the Hudson River, or in the quiet old villages of Long Island, with their two centuries of history, one is not

altogether surprised to find delightful country mansions surrounded by parks and gardens, rich in all the comforts and luxuries of life, including even French cooks and perfectly trained European servants. In Quaker Philadelphia, around Independence Hall and Washington Square, respectability and dignified self-satisfaction are evidently appropriate. In Boston, the Athens of America, long famous for its culture and refinement, one naturally expects to find an improved and revised edition of all that is best in English civilization, and none but a profane observer or a renegade native would dare to accuse the Bostonians either of priggishness or provincialism. But refinement and elegance in Chicago are certainly a surprise, and yet they exist in a large degree, and where the realization leaves much to be desired the intention is always good. One might perhaps say that the intention is just a little exuberant in the great "Gateway of the West." The shops in State Street are rather too gorgeous; the plate-glass windows are, I suppose, the biggest in the world, and behind them you see in splendid array the latest Parisian novelties in dresses and millinery, the newest porcelain ornaments from the Palais Royal, the largest faience or glass vases that have ever been made, the most showy bronzes from the Marais, the most elaborate productions of native and foreign silversmiths. You feel that the people of the city are all the time making vigorous efforts to become civilized. But on what a stupendous scale! Look at those immense eight-story business blocks with their façades supported by cast-iron pillars, and decorated with indestructible mammoth cement ornaments, combined with the largest terracotta plaques ever baked. Look at the huge post-office; the wide streets; the lofty telegraph poles, taller than any other telegraph poles in the United States; the electric lights strung up at dizzy heights; the immense turning bridges that swing round to give passage to great ships, and make parts of Chicago resemble Rotterdam seen through a gigantic magnifying glass. Listen to the big names given to those avenues that seem to have neither beginning nor end,—Madison Avenue, Van Buren, Michigan, Washington. Even the dirtiness and smokiness of Chicago is on a grand scale, but in spite of the muddy black streets littered with refuse, its plank footpaths, its yellow lake and canals, its whirl and rush, its jangle of tramway bells, its howl-

ing newspaper boys, and the very mixed swarm of its inhabitants, comprising members of all the families of the earth, Chicago is a most interesting place for the European to visit; and towards sunset, when the fading light softens the sharp angles and lessens the immensity of the perspective effects, it becomes picturesque and weirdly fantastic. The network of telegraph wires and the tall, irregular silhouette of the street architecture stand out against the brilliant red and golden sky, rendered all the deeper in tone by the obscuring clouds of smoke that canopy the whole city, waiting to be wafted away by the never-failing night breeze that sweeps over the vast plain in the midst of which Chicago stands.

Of course, at Chicago, as elsewhere in America, the cultivated minority is lost in the swarming multitude of coarse and vulgar people, and at night you find the streets, and bar-rooms, and liquor-saloons full of dull-eyed men and boys who whistle, spit, smoke, drink, and talk about sport, — muscular, long-limbed fellows who wear their hats tilted back on the crown of their head, who find time hanging heavily on their hands when business is over, who are too uncivilized to do nothing and to do it with grace, and who pass their evenings in chewing quids or toothpicks, or in lolling round a billiard-table with an underhand look on their countenances and movements indicative of habits of suspicion and a readiness for a fight at any moment.

Why did I leave my American friends so often to seek adventures on my own account? Such solitary wanderings can only lead to evil. Buffeted by the vulgar crowd, jostled by tobacco-chewing stock operators, irritated by badly paved and dirty streets, where the dust-bins stand unmolested at all hours of the day, constantly shocked by the want of finish and elegance that pervades all the exterior life of the cities, the lone traveller is tempted to concentrate his observation on the shortcomings of America. He forgets while in this carping mood that the country is very young, and that it is not so much the imperfection of its civilization which ought to astonish him, but rather the universality of that degree of material civilization which he actually finds. He forgets the libraries and museums and splendid educational institutions that private munificence, is creating all over the Union. He forgets the extent, the wealth, the magnificence of the country, the determination of its people, and

their unparalleled working capacity, which makes twenty years in America worth more for progress than forty years in Europe. Above all, he forgets that heaven of refined people, those hospitable and charming friends whose sympathies and interests he has found to be so wide and whose social qualities have often struck him as being peculiarly complete. But, however violent the fault-finding fit may be, no observant and thinking man can remain in the mood for long together; he will remember Herbert Spencer's remark that the mixture of the varieties of the Aryan race forming the population of America will eventually produce a type of man finer than has hitherto existed — a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life; and reflecting upon what has already been achieved, he will be tempted to adopt Herbert Spencer's conviction that the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

THEODORE CHILD.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK I. — THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTIE BAYLE'S MISTAKE.

IF that hat had been in its proper place, it would have been perched upon a stake to scare the sparrows away from the young peas, but the wretched, weather-beaten structure was upon the old man's head, matching well with his coat, as he busied himself that pleasant morning dibbling in brocoli plants with the pointed handle of an old spade.

The soft genial rain had fallen heavily during the night, thoroughly soaking the ground, which sent forth a delicious steaming incense quivering like visible transparent air in the morning sun. There had been a month's drought, and flower and fruit had languished; but on the previous evening dark clouds had gathered over the woods, swept down over King's Castor, and as Gemp said, "For twelve mortal hours the rain had poured down."

Old Gemp was wrong; it had not

poured, but stolen softly from the kindly heavens, as if every fertilizing drop had been wrapped in liquid silver velvet, and no flower was beaten down, no thirsty vegetable soiled, but earth and plant had drunk and drunk during the long night to wake up refreshed; the soil was of a rich, dark hue, in place of drab, and the birds were singing as if they meant to split their throats.

Dr. Luttrell's garden was just far enough out of the town for the birds to sing. They came so far, and no farther. Once in a way, perhaps, some reckless young blackbird went as far as the elder-clump behind the mill, close up to the streets, and hunted snails from out of the hollow roots, and from the ivy that hung over the stone wall by the great water-tank in Thickens's garden; but that was an exception. Only one robin and the sparrows strayed so far in as that.

But in the doctor's garden it was different. There was the thick hawthorn hedge that separated it from the north road, a hedge kept carefully clipped, and with one tall stem every twelve yards that was never touched, but allowed to grow as it pleased, and to blossom every May and June into almond-scented snow, as it was blooming now. Then there was the great laurel hedge fifteen feet high, on the north; the thick shrubbery about the red-brick gabled house, and the dense ivy that covered it from the porch upwards and over Millicent's window, and then crawled right up the sides to the chimney-stacks.

There were plenty of places for birds, and as they were never disturbed the doctor's was a haven where nests were made, eggs laid, and young hatched, to the terrible detriment of the doctor's fruit, but he only gave his handsome grey head a rub and laughed.

That delicious June morning as the line was stretched over the bed that had been so long prepared, and the plants that had been nursed in a frame were being planted, the foreshortening of the old man's figure was rather strange, so strange that as he came along the road looking over the hedge, and taking in long breaths of delicious scents, the Reverend Christie Bayle, the newly appointed curate of St. Anthony's, paused to watch the planting.

He was tall, slight, and pale, looking extremely youthful in his black, clerical attire; but it was the pallor of much hard study, not of ill health, for as he had come down the road it was with a free, elastic stride, and he carried his head as a man does who feels that he is young and full

of hope, and thinks that this world is, after all, a very beautiful place.

But it was a delicious June morning.

True, but the Reverend Christie Bayle was just as light and elastic when he walked back to his lodgings, through the rain on the previous night, and without an umbrella. He had caught himself whistling, too, several times, and checked himself, thinking that, perhaps, he ought to cease; but somehow — it was very dark — he was thoroughly light-hearted, and he had the feeling that he had made a poor, weak, old woman more restful at heart during his chat with her by her bedside, and so he began whistling again.

He was not whistling now as he stopped short, looking over the hedge, watching the foreshortened figure coming down towards him, with a leg on either side of the line, the dibber in one hand, a bunch of brocoli plants in the other. The earth was soft, and the old man's arm strong, while long practice had made him clever. He had no rule, only his eye and the line for guidance, but as he came slowly down the row, he left behind him, at exactly two feet distance apart, the bright green tightly set plants.

"Whug!" went the dibber, in went a plant; there was a quick poke or two, the soft earth was round the stem, and the old man went on till he reached the path, straightened himself, and began softly to rub the small of his back with the hand that held the tool.

"Good-morning," said the curate.

"Morning."

"Ladies at home?"

"No, they've gone up the town shopping. Won't be long."

"Do you think they'd mind if I were to wait?"

"Mind? No. Come and have a look round," as he entered the garden.

"Peculiarity of the Lincolnshire folk, that they rarely say *sir* to their superiors," mused the Reverend Christie Bayle, as he entered the garden. "Perhaps they think we are not their superiors, and perhaps they are right; for what am I better than the old gardener?"

"Nice rain."

"Delicious! By Geo — I — ah, you have a beautiful garden here."

The old man gave him a droll look, and the curate's face turned scarlet, for that old college expression had nearly slipped out.

"Yes, it's a nice bit of garden, and pretty fruitful considering. You won't mind my planting another row of these brocoli?"

"Not a bit. Pray go on, and I can talk to you. Seems too bad though for me to be doing nothing, and you breaking your back."

"Oh, it won't break my back; I'm used to it. Well, how do you like King's Castor?"

"Very much. The place is old and quaint, and I like the country. The people are a little distant at present. They are not all so sociable as you are."

"Ah, they don't know you yet. There, that's done. Now I'm going to stick those peas."

He thrust the dibber into the earth, kicked the soil off his heavy boots, and came out on to the path rubbing his hands and looking at them.

"Shake hands with you another time."

"To be sure. Going to stick those peas, are you?"

"Yes. I've the sticks all ready."

The old man went to the top of the path, and into a nook where, ready sharpened, were about a dozen bundles of clean-looking ground-birch sticks full of twigs for the pea tendrils to hold on by as they climbed.

The old fellow smiled genially, and there was something very pleasant in his clear blue eyes, florid face, and thick grey beard, which — a peculiarity in those days — he wore cut rather short, but innocent of razor.

"Shall I carry a bundle or two down?" said the curate.

"If you like."

The Reverend Christie Bayle did like, and he carried a couple of bundles down to where the peas were waiting their support. And then — they neither of them knew how it happened, only that a question arose as to whether it was better to put in pea-sticks perpendicular or diagonal, the old man being in favor of the upright, the curate of the slope — both began sticking a row, with the result that before a quarter of a row was done the curate had taken off his black coat, hung it upon the gnarled Ripston pippin tree, rolled up his shirt sleeves over a pair of white, muscular arms, and quite a race ensued.

Four rows had been stuck, and a barrow had been fetched, and a couple of spades for the digging and preparing of a patch for some turnips, when, spade in hand, the curate paused and wiped his forehead.

"You rather seem to like gardening, parson."

"I do," was the reply. "I quite revel in the smell of the newly turned earth on

a morning like this, only it makes me so terribly hungry."

"Ah, yes, so it does me. Well, let's dig this piece, and then you can have a mouthful of lunch with me."

"Thank you, no; I'll help you dig this piece, and then I must go. I'll come in another time. I want to see more of the garden."

There was about ten minutes' steady digging, during which the curate showed that he was no mean hand with the spade, and then the old man paused for a moment to scrape the adherent soil from the broad blades.

"My master will be back soon," he said; "and then there'll be some lunch; and, oh! here they are!"

The Reverend Christie Bayle had been so intent upon lifting that great spadeful of black earth without crumbling, that he had not heard the approaching footsteps, and from behind the yew hedge that sheltered them from the flower garden, two ladies and a tall, handsome-looking man suddenly appeared, awaking the curate to the fact that he was in his shirt sleeves, digging, with his hat on a gooseberry bush, his coat in an apple-tree, and his well-blackened boots covered with soil.

He was already flushed with his exercise. He turned of a deeper red now, as he saw the pleasant-looking elderly lady give her silvery-grey curls a shake, the younger lady gaze from one to the other as if astonished, and the tall, dark gentleman suppress a smile as he raised his eyebrows slightly, and seemed to be amused.

The curate thrust his spade into the ground, bowed hurriedly, took a long step and snatched his hat from the gooseberry bush, and began hastily to roll down his sleeves.

"Oh, never mind them," said his companion. "Adam was not ashamed of his arms. Here, my dears, this is our new curate, Mr. Bayle, the first clergyman we've had who could use a spade. Mr. Bayle — my wife, my daughter Millicent, Mr. Hallam, from the bank."

The Reverend Christie Bayle's face was covered with dew, and he longed to beat a retreat from the presence of the pleasant-faced elderly lady; to make that retreat a rout, as he met the large, earnest grey eyes of "my daughter Millicent," and saw as if through a mist that she was fair to see — how fair in his agitation he could not tell; and lastly, to rally and form a stubborn front, as he bowed to the handsome, supercilious man, well dressed,

perfectly at his ease, and evidently enjoying the parson's confusion.

"We are very glad you have come to see us, Mr. Bayle," said the elderly lady, smiling, and shaking hands warmly. "Of course we knew you soon would. And so you've been helping Dr. Luttrell."

"The doctor!" thought the visitor with a mental groan; "and I took him for the gardener!"

CHAPTER II.

SOME INTRODUCTIONS AND A LITTLE MUSIC.

THE reception had been so simple and homely, that, once having secured his coat and donned it, the doctor's volunteer assistant felt more at his ease. His disposition to retreat passed off, and in despite of all refusal, he was almost compelled to enter the house, Mrs. Luttrell taking possession of him to chat rather volubly about King's Castor and the old vicar, while from time to time a few words passed with Millicent, at whom the visitor gazed almost in wonder.

She was so different from the provincial young lady he had set up in his own mind as a type. Calm, almost grave in its aspect, her face was remarkable for its sweet, self-contained look of intelligence, and the new curate had not been many minutes in her society before he was aware that he was conversing with a woman as highly cultivated as she was beautiful.

Her sweet, rich voice absolutely thrilled while her quiet self-possession sent a pang through him, as he felt how young, how awkward, and wanting in confidence he must seem in her eyes, which met his with a frank, friendly look that was endorsed during conversation, as she easily and pleasantly helped him out of two or three verbal bogs into which he had floundered.

After a walk through the garden they had entered the house, where Mrs. Luttrell had turned suddenly upon her visitor, to confuse him again by her sudden appeal.

"Did you ever see such a straw hat as that, Mr. Bayle?"

"Oh, it's an old favorite of papa's, Mr. Bayle," interrupted Millicent, turning to smile at the elderly gentleman, taking the dilapidated straw from his head to hang it upon one particular peg. "He would not enjoy the gardening so much without that."

The tall, handsome man left at the end of a few minutes. Business was his excuse. He had met the ladies, and just

walked down with them, he told the doctor.

"But you'll come in to-night, Mr. Hallam? we shall expect you," said Mrs. Luttrell warmly.

"Oh, of course!" said Millicent, as "Mr. Hallam, from the bank," involuntarily turned to her; and her manner was warm but not conscious.

"I shall be here," he said quietly; and after a quiet friendly leave-taking, Christie Bayle felt relieved, and as if he could be a little more at his ease.

It was not a success though, and when he in turn rose to go, thinking dolefully about his dirty boots as compared with the speckless Wellingtons of the other visitor, and after feeling something like a throb of pleasure at being warmly pressed to step in without ceremony that evening, he walked to his apartments in the main street, irritated and wrath with himself, and more dissatisfied than he had ever before felt in his life.

"I wish I had not come," he said to himself. "I'm too young, and what's worse, I *feel* so horribly young. That supercilious Mr. Hallam was laughing at me; the old lady treated me as if I were a boy; and Miss Luttrell —"

He stopped thinking, for her tall, graceful presence seemed before him, and he felt again the touch of her cool, soft, white hand.

"Yes; she talked to me as if I were a boy, whom she wanted to cure of being shy. I am a boy, and it's my own fault for not mixing more with men.

"Bah! What an idiot I was! I might have known it was not the gardener. He did not talk like a servant, but I blundered into the idea, and went on blindfolded in my belief. What a ridiculous *début* I made there, to be sure, where I wanted to make a good impression! How can I profess to teach people like that when they treat me as if I were a boy? I can never show my face there again."

He felt in despair, and his self-abasement grew more bitter as the day went on. It would be folly, he thought, to go to the doctor's that evening; but as the time drew near, he altered his mind, and at last, taking a small case from where it rested upon a bookshelf, he thrust it into his pocket and started, his teeth set, his nerves strung, and his whole being bent upon the determination to show these people that he was not the mere bashful boy they thought him.

It was a deliciously soft, warm evening, and as he left the town behind with its

few dim oil lamps, the lights that twinkled through the trees from the doctor's drawing-room were like so many invitations to him to hurry his feet, and so full was his mind of one of the dwellers beneath that roof that, as he neared the gate he was not surprised to hear Millicent's voice, sweet, clear, and ringing. It hastened his steps. He did not know why, but it was as if magnetic — positively magnetic. The next moment there was the low, deep-toned rich utterance of a man's voice — a voice that he recognized at once as that of Mr. Hallam, from the bank; and if this was magnetic, it was from the negative pole, for Christie Bayle stopped.

He went on again, angry, he knew not why, and the next minute was being introduced on the lawn to a thin, care-worn, middle-aged man, and a tall, bony, aquiline lady, as Mr. and Mrs. Trampleasure, Mrs. Luttrell's pleasant, sociable voice being drowned almost the next moment by that of the bony dame, who in tones resembling those emitted by a brazen instrument, said very slowly, —

"How do you do? I saw you last Sunday. Don't you think it is getting too late to stop out on the grass?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Luttrell hastily, "the grass is growing damp. Milly, dear, take Mr. Hallam into the drawing-room."

The pleasant, flower-decked room, with its candles and old-fashioned oil lamp, seemed truly delightful to Christie Bayle, for the next hour. He was very young, and he was the new arrival in King's Castor, and consequently felt flattered by the many attentions he received. The doctor was friendly, and disposed to be jocose with allusions to gardening. Mr. Trampleasure, thin and languid, made his advances, but his questions were puzzling, as they related to rates of exchange and other monetary questions, regarding which the curate's mind was a blank.

"Not a well-informed young man, my dear," said Mr. Trampleasure to his wife; whereupon that lady looked at him, and Mr. Trampleasure seemed to wither away, or rather to shrink into a corner, where Millicent, who looked slightly flushed, but very quiet and self-possessed, was turning over some music, every piece of which had a strip of ribbon sewn with many stitches all up its back.

"Not a well-informed young man, this new curate, Millicent," said Mr. Trampleasure, trying to sow his discordant seed on more genial soil.

"Not well-informed, uncle?" said the daughter of the house, looking up wide-

eyed and amused, "why, I thought him most interesting."

"Oh! dear me, no, my dear. Quite ignorant of the most every-day matters. I just asked him —"

"Are you going to give us some music, Miss Luttrell?" said a deep, rich voice behind them, and Millicent turned round, smiling.

"I was looking out two of your songs, Mr. Hallam. You will sing something?"

"If you wish it," he said quietly, and there was nothing impressive in his manner.

"Oh, we should all be glad. Mamma is so fond of your songs."

"I must make the regular stipulation," said Mr. Hallam smiling. "Banking people are very exacting; they do nothing without being paid."

"You mean that I must sing as well," said Millicent. "Oh! certainly. And," she added eagerly, "Mr. Bayle is musical. I will ask him to sing."

"Yes, do," said Hallam, with a shade of eagerness in his voice. "He cannot refuse you."

She did not know why, but as Millicent Luttrell heard these words, something like regret at her proposal crossed her mind, and she glanced at where Bayle was seated, listening to Mrs. Trampleasure, who was talking to him loudly — so loudly that her voice reached their ears.

"I should be very glad indeed, Mr. Bayle, if, when you call upon us, you would look through Edgar and Edmund's Latin exercises. I'm quite sure that the head master at the grammar school does not pay the attention to the boys that he should."

To wait until Mrs. Trampleasure came to the end of a conversational chapter, would have been to give up the singing, so Millicent sat down to the little, old-fashioned square piano, running her hands skilfully over the keys, and bringing forth harmonious sounds. But they were the *aigue*, wiry tones of the modern zither, and Christie Bayle bent forward as if attracted by the sweet face thrown up by the candles, and turned slightly towards Hallam, dark, handsome, and self-possessed, standing with one hand resting on the instrument.

"I don't like music," said Mrs. Trampleasure, in a very slightly subdued voice.

"Indeed!" said Bayle starting, for his thoughts were wandering, and an unpleasant, indefinable feeling was stealing over him.

"I think it a great waste of time," con-

tinued Mrs. Trampleasure. "Do you like it, Mr. Bayle?"

"Well, I must confess I am very fond of it," he replied.

"But you don't play anything," said the lady with quite a look of horror.

"I—I play the flute—a little," faltered the curate.

"Well," said Mrs. Trampleasure austere, "we learn a great many habits when we are young, Mr. Bayle, that we leave off when we grow older. You are young, Mr. Bayle."

He looked up in her face as if she had wounded him, her words went so deeply home, and he replied softly,—

"Yes, I'm afraid I am very young."

Just then the doctor came and laid his hand upon Mrs. Trampleasure's lips.

"Silence! One tablespoonful to be taken directly. Hush, softly, not a word," and he stood over his sister with a warning index finger held up, while in a deep, thrilling baritone voice Mr. Hallam from the bank sang "Treasures of the Deep."

A dead silence was preserved, and the sweet rich notes seemed to fill the room and float out where the dewy flowers were exhaling their odors on the soft night air. The words were poetical, the pianoforte accompaniment was skilfully played, and, though perhaps but slightly cultivated, the voice of the singer was modulated by that dramatic feeling which is given but to few, so that the expression was natural, and, without troubling the composer's marks, the song appealed to the feelings of the listeners, though in different ways.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Mr. Trampleasure, crossing to the singer.

"He has a very fine voice," said Doctor Luttrell in a quiet, subdued way; and his handsome face wrinkled a little as he glanced towards the piano.

"Yes, yes, it's very beautiful," said Mrs. Luttrell, fidgeting a bracelet round and round, "but I wish he wouldn't, dear; I declare it always makes me feel as if I wanted to cry. Ah! here's Sir Gordon."

Pleasant, sweet-faced Mrs. Luttrell crossed the room to welcome a new arrival in the person of a remarkably well-preserved elderly gentleman, dressed with a care that told of his personal appearance being one of the important questions of his life. There was a suspicion of the curling-tongs about his hair, which was of a glossy black that was not more natural in hue than that of his carefully arranged full whiskers. There was a little black patch, too, beneath the nether lip that matched his eyebrows, which seemed

more regular and dark than those of gentlemen as a rule at his time of life. The lines in his face were not deep, but they were many, and in short, he looked from the curl on the top of his head, down past his high black satin stock, well-padded coat, pinched waist, and carefully strapped down trousers over his painfully small patent leather boots, like one who had taken up the challenge of Time, and meant to fight him to the death.

"Good evening, Mrs. Luttrell. Ah! how do, doctor? My dear Miss Luttrell, I've been seeing your fingers in the dark as I waited outside."

"Seeing my fingers, Sir Gordon?"

"Yes; an idea—a fancy of mine," said the new-comer, bending over the hand he took with courtly, old-fashioned grace. "I heard the music, and the sounds brought the producer before my eyes. Hallam, my dear sir, you have a remarkably fine voice. I've known men, sir, at the London concerts draw large incomes on worse voices than that!"

"You flatter me, Sir Gordon."

"Not at all, sir," said the new-comer shortly. "I never stoop to flatter any one, not even a lady; Miss Luttrell, do I?"

"You never flattered me," said Millicent, smiling.

"Never. It is a form of insincerity I detest. My dear Mrs. Luttrell, you should make your unworthy husband take that to heart."

"Why, I never flatter," said the doctor warmly.

"How dare you say so, sir, when you are always flattering your patients, and preaching peace when there is no peace? Ah, yes, I've heard of him," he said in an undertone. "Introduce me."

The formal introduction had taken place, and the last comer seated himself beside the new curate.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Bayle. Glad to see you here, too, sir. Charming family this; doctor and his wife people to make friends. Eh! singing again? Hah! Miss Luttrell. Have you heard her sing?"

"No, she has not sung since I have been here."

"Then prepare yourself for a treat, sir. I flatter myself I know what singing is. It is the singing of one of our prima donnas without the artificiality."

"I think I heard Sir Gordon say he did not flatter," said Bayle quietly.

"Thank you," said Sir Gordon looking round sharply; "but I shall not take the

rebuke. You have not heard her sing. Oh, I see," he continued, raising his gold-rimmed eye-glass, "a duet."

There was again silence, as after the prelude Millicent's voice rose clear and thrilling in the opening of one of the simple old duets of the day; and as she sang with the effortless ease of one to whom song was a gift, Sir Gordon bent forward, swaying himself slightly to the music, but only to stop short and watch with a gathering uneasiness in his expression the rapt earnestness of Christie Bayle as he seemed to drink in like some intoxicating draught the notes that thrilled through the room. He drew a deep breath, and sat up rather stiffly as she ended and Mr. Hallam from the bank took up the second verse. If anything his voice sounded richer and more full; and again the harmony was perfect when the two voices, soprano and baritone, blended, and rose and fell in impassioned swains, and then gradually died off in that soft, sweet, final chord, that the subdued notes of the piano, wiry though they were, failed to spoil.

"You are not fond of music?" said Sir Gordon, making Bayle, who had been still sitting back rather stiffly, and with his eyes closed, stare, as he replied, —

"Who? I? Oh, yes, I love it!" he replied hastily.

"Young! young!" said Sir Gordon to himself as he rose and crossed the room to congratulate Millicent on her performance — Hallam giving way as he approached — saying to himself, "I'm beginning to wish we had not engaged him, good a man as he is."

"Yes, I'm very fond of that duet," said Millicent. "Excuse me, Sir Gordon, here's Miss Heathery."

She crossed to the door to welcome a lady in a very tight evening dress of cream satin — tight, that is, in the body — and pinched in by a broad sash at the waist, but the sleeves were like two cream-colored spheres, whose open mouths hung down as if trying to swallow the long, crinkly gloves that the wearer kept drawing above her pointed elbows, and which then slipped down.

It is a disrespectful comparison, but it was impossible to look at Miss Heathery's face without thinking of a white rabbit. One of nature's paradoxical mysteries, no doubt, for it was not very white, nor were her eyes pink, and the sausage-shaped, brown curls on either side of her forehead, backed by a great, shovel-like, tortoise-shell comb, in no wise resembled ears;

but still the fact remained, and even Christie Bayle on being introduced to the elderly bashful lady, thought of the rabbit, and actually blushed.

"You are just in time to sing, Miss Heathery," said Millicent.

Miss Heathery could not, but there was a good deal of pressing, during which the lady's eyes rolled round pleadingly from speaker to speaker, as if saying, "Press me a little more, and I will."

"You must sing, my dear," said Mrs. Luttrell in a whisper. "Make haste, and then Millicent's going to ask Mr. Bayle, and you must play the accompaniment."

Miss Heathery said, "Oh, really!" and Sir Gordon completed the form by offering his arm, and leading the little lady to the piano, taking from her hands her reticule, made in pale blue satin to resemble a butterfly; after that her gloves, which he held.

Then, after a good deal of arrangement of large medical folios upon a chair to make Miss Heathery the proper height, she raised her shoulders, the left becoming a support to her head as she lifted her chin and gazed into one corner of the room.

Christie Bayle was a lover of natural history, and he said to himself, "How could I be so rude as to think she looked like a white rabbit? She is exactly like a bird."

It was only that a change had come over the lady, who was now wonderfully birdlike, and, what was quite to the point, like a bird about to sing.

She sang.

It was a tippity-tippity, little, tinkling song, quite in accordance with the wiry, zither-like piano, all about "dewy twilight lingers," and harps "touched by fairy fingers," and appeals to some one to "meet me there, love," et cetera, et cetera.

The French say we are not a polite nation. We may not be as to some little bits of outer polish, but at heart we are, and never more so than at a social gathering, when some terrible execution has taken place under the name of music. It was so here, for, moved by the feeling that the poor little woman had done her best, and would have been deeply wounded had she not been asked to sing, all warmly thanked Miss Heathery, and directly after, Christie Bayle, with his ears still burning from the effects of the performance, found himself beside the fair singer, trying to talk of King's Castor and its surroundings.

"I would rather not ask him, mamma dear," said Millicent at the other side of the room.

"But you had better, my dear. I know he is musical, and he might feel slighted."

"Oh, yes, he's a good fellow, my dear; I like him," said the doctor bluffly. "Ask him."

With a curious shrinking sensation that seemed somehow vaguely connected with Mr. Hallam from the bank, and his eagerness earlier in the evening, Millicent crossed to where Bayle was seated, and asked him if he would sing.

"Oh, no," he said hastily, "I have no voice!"

"But we hear that you are musical, Mr. Bayle," said Millicent in her sweet, calm way.

"Oh, yes, I am. Yes, I am a little musical."

"Pray sing then," she said, now that she had taken the step, forgetting the diffident feeling; "we are very simple people here, and so glad to have a fresh recruit in our narrow ranks."

"Yes, pray sing, Mr. Bayle; we should be so charmed."

"I — er — I really —"

"Oh, but do, Mr. Bayle," said Miss Heathery again sweetly.

"I think you will oblige us, Mr. Bayle," said Millicent, smiling; and as their eyes met, if the request had been to perform the act of Marcus Curtius on foot, and with a reasonable chance of finding water at the bottom to break the fall, Christie Bayle would have taken the plunge.

"Have you anything I know?" he said despairingly.

"I know," cried Miss Heathery, with a sort of peck made in birdlike playfulness. "Mr. Bayle can sing. They bid me forget thee."

"Full many a shaft at random sent hits," etc. This was a chance shot, and it struck home.

"I think — er — perhaps, I could sing that," stammered Bayle, and then in a fit of desperation — "I'll try."

"I have it here among my music, Millicent, dear. May I play the accompaniment?"

Miss Heathery meant to look winning, but she made Bayle shiver.

"If you will be so good, Miss Heathery;" and the piece being found and spread out, Christie Bayle, perspiring far more profusely than when he was using the doctor's spade, stood listening to the prelude, and then began to sing, wishing that the dead silence around had been

broken up by a hurricane, or the loudest thunder that ever roared.

Truth to tell, it was a depressing performance of a melancholy song. Bayle's voice was not bad, but his extreme nervousness paralyzed him, and the accompaniment would have driven the best vocalist frantic.

It was a dismal failure, and when, in the midst of a pleasant little chorus of "Thank you's," Christie Bayle left the piano, he felt as if he had disgraced himself forever in the eyes of King's Castor, above all in those of this sweetly calm and beautiful woman who seemed like some muse of classic days come back to life.

Every one smiled kindly, and Mrs. Luttrell came over, called him "my dear," in her motherly way, and thanked him.

"Only want practice and confidence, sir," said the doctor.

"Exactly," said Sir Gordon; "practise, sir, and you'll soon beat Hallam there."

Bayle felt as if he would give anything to be able to retreat; and just then he caught Mrs. Trampleasure's eyes as she signalled him to come to her side.

"She told me she did not like music," he said to himself; and he was yielding to his fate, and going to have the cup of his misery filled to the brim when he caught Hallam's eye.

Hallam was by the chimney-piece, talking to Mr. Trampleasure about bank matters; but that look seemed so full of triumphant contempt, that Bayle drew his breath as if in pain, and turned to reach the door.

"It was very kind of you to sing when I asked you, Mr. Bayle," said that sweet, low voice that thrilled him; and he turned hastily, seeing again Hallam's sneering look, or the glance that he so read.

"I cannot sing," he replied with boyish petulance. "It was absurd to attempt it. I have only made myself ridiculous."

"Pray do not say that," said Millicent kindly. "You give me pain. I feel as if it is my fault, and that I have spoiled your evening."

"I — I have had no practice," he faltered.

"But you love music. You have a good voice. You must come and try over a few songs and duets with me."

He looked at her half wondering, and then moved by perhaps a youthful but natural desire to redeem himself, he said hastily, —

"I can — play a little — the flute."

"But you have not brought it?"

"Yes," he said hastily. "Will you play an accompaniment? Anything, say one of Henry Bishop's songs or duets."

Millicent sighed, for she felt regret, but she concealed her chagrin, and said quietly, "Certainly, Mr. Bayle;" and they walked together to the piano.

"Bravo!" cried Sir Gordon. "No one need be told that Mr. Bayle is an Englishman."

There was a rather uncomfortable silence as, more and more feeling pity and sympathy for their visitor, Millicent began to turn over a volume of bound-up music, while, with trembling hands, Bayle drew his quaint boxwood flute with its brass keys and ivory mounts from its case.

It was a wonderfully different instrument from one of those cocoa-wood or metal flutes of the present day, every hole of which is stopped not with the fingers but with keys. This was an old-fashioned affair, in four pieces, which had to be moistened at the joints when they were stuck together, and all this business the Reverend Christie Bayle went through mechanically, for his eyes were fixed upon the music Millicent was turning over.

"Let's try that," he said suddenly, in a voice tremulous with eagerness, as she turned over leaf after leaf, hesitating at two or three songs, "Robin Adair," "Ye Banks and Braes," and another—easy melodies, such as a flute-player could be expected to get through. But though she had given him plenty of time to choose either of these, he let her turn over and went on wetting the flute joints, and screwing them up, till she arrived at "I know a bank."

"But it is a duet," she said smiling at him, as an elder sister might have smiled at a brother she wished to encourage, and who had just made another mistake.

"Yes," he said hastily, "but I can take up first one voice, and then the other, and when it comes to the duet part the piano will hide the want of the second voice."

"Or I can play it where necessary," said Millicent, who began to brighten up. Perhaps this was not going to be such a dismal failure after all.

"To be sure," he said, "if you will. There, I think that will do. Pray excuse me if I seem terribly nervous," he whispered. "Shall we begin?"

"Yes, I am ready," said Millicent, glancing involuntarily at Hallam, who was still conversing with Trampleasure, his

face perfectly calm, but his eyes wearing a singular look of triumph.

"One moment. Would you mind sounding D?"

Millicent obeyed, and Bayle blew a tremulous note upon the flute nearly a quarter of a tone too sharp.

This necessitated a certain amount of unscrewing and lengthening which made the drops glisten upon Bayle's forehead.

"Poor fellow!" thought Millicent, "how nervous he is! I wish he were not going to play."

"I think that will do," he said at last, after blowing one or two more tremulous notes. "Shall we begin?"

Millicent nodded, giving him a smile of encouragement, and after whispering, "Don't mind me, I'll try and keep to your time," she ran over the prelude, and shivered as the flute took up the melody and began.

It has been said that the flute, of all instruments, most resembles the human voice, and to Millicent Luttrell it seemed to wail here piteously, how it knew a bank whereon the wild thyme grew. Her hands were moist from sympathy for the flutist, and she was striving to play her best with the fullest chords so as to hide his weakness, when, as he went on, it seemed to her that Bayle was forgetting the presence of listeners and growing interested in the beautiful melody he played. The notes of the flute became, moment by moment, more rich and round; they were no longer spasmodic, beginning and ending clumsily, but were breathed forth softly, with a crescendo and diminuendo where necessary, and so full of feeling that the pianiste was encouraged. She, too, forgot the listeners, and, yielding to her enthusiasm, played on. The slow, measured strains were succeeded by the fervid runs, but she never wondered whether the flutist would succeed, for they were amongst them before she knew they were so near, with the flute seeming to trip deftly over the most difficult passages, without the slightest hesitation, and the audience thoroughly enjoying the novel performance, till the final chord was struck, and followed by a hearty round of applause.

"Oh! Mr. Bayle," cried Millicent, looking up in his flushed face, "I am so glad."

Her brightened eyes told him the same tale, for he had thoroughly won her sympathy as well as the praise of all present; Mr. Hallam from the bank being as ready as the rest to thank him for so delicious a rendering of that charming duet.

The rest of that evening was strange and dreamlike to Christie Bayle. He played some more florid pieces of music by one Henry Bishop, and he took Millicent in to supper. Then, soon after, he walked home, Sir Gordon Bourne being his companion.

After that he sat for some hours thinking and wondering how it was that while some men of his years were manly and able to maintain their own, he was so boyish and easily upset.

"I'm afraid my old tutor's right," he said; "I want ballast."

Perhaps that was why, when he dropped to sleep and went sailing away into the sea of dreams, his voyage was so wild and strange. Every minute some gust of passion threatened to capsize his barque, but he sailed on with his dreams growing more wild, the sky around still more strange.

It was a restless night for Christie Bayle, B.A. But the scholar of Oriel College, Oxford, was thinking as he had never thought before.

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE BUSINESS OF THE BANK.

"WOULD you be kind enough to cash this little cheque for me, Mr. Thickens?"

The speaker was Miss Heathery, in the morning costume of a plum-colored silk dress, with wide-spreading bonnet of the same material, ornamented with several large bows of broad satin ribbon, and an extremely dilapidated bird of paradise plume. She placed her reticule bag, also of plum color, but of satin—upon the broad mahogany counter of Dixons' Bank, Market Place, King's Castor, and tried to draw the bag open.

This, however, was not so easy. When it was open all you had to do was to pull the thick silk cord strings, and it closed up tightly, but there was no similar plan for opening a lady's reticule in the year 1818. It was then necessary to insert the forefingers of each hand, knuckle to knuckle, force them well down, and then draw, the result being an opening, out of which you could extract pocket handkerchief, Preston salts, or purse. Thin fingers were very useful at such a time, and Miss Heathery's fingers were thin; but she wore gloves, and the gloves of that period, especially those sold in provincial towns, were not of the delicate second-skin nature worn by ladies now. The consequence was that hard-featured, iron-grey haired, closely shaven, Mr. James

Thickens, in his buff waistcoat and stiff white cravat, had to stand for some time, with a very large quill pen behind his right ear, waiting till Miss Heathery, who was growing very hot and red, exclaimed, "That's it!" and drew open the bag.

But even then the cheque was not immediately forthcoming, for it had to be fished for. First there was Miss Heathery's pocket handkerchief, delicately scented with otto of roses; then there was the pattern she was going to match at Crumple's, the draper's; then her large piece of orris root got in the way, and had to be shaken on one side with the knitting, and the ball of Berlin wool, when the purse was found in the far corner.

Purses, too, in those days were not of the open-sesame kind popular now. The *portemonnaie* was not born, and ladies knitted long silken hose, with a slit in the middle, placed ornamental slide-rings and tassels thereon, and even went so far sometimes as to make these old-fashioned purses of beads.

Miss Heathery's was of netted silk, however, orange and blue, and through the reticulations could be seen at one end the metallic twinkle of coins, at the other the subdued tint and cornerish distensions of folded paper.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you, Mr. Thickens," said the lady, in a sweet, birdlike chirp, as she drew one slide, and tried to coax the folded cheque along the hose, though it refused to be coaxed, and obstinately stuck its elbows out at every opening.

Mr. Thickens said, "Not at all," and passed his tongue over his dry lips, and moved his long fingers as if he were a kind of human actinia, and these were his tentacles, involuntarily trying to get at the cheque.

"That's it!" said Miss Heathery again with a satisfied sigh, and she handed the paper across the counter.

James Thickens drew down a pair of very strongly framed, round-eyed, silver-mounted spectacles from where they had been resting close to his brushed-up "Brutus," and unfolded and smoothed out the slip of paper, spreading it on the counter, and bending over it so much that his glasses would have fallen off but for the fact that a piece of black silk shoestring formed a band behind.

"Two thirteen six," said Mr. Thickens, looking up at the lady.

"Yes; two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence," she replied, in token of assent. And while she was speaking Mr.

Thickens took the big quill pen from behind his ear, and stood with his head on one side in an attitude of attention till the word "sixpence" was uttered, when the pen was darted into a great shining leaden inkstand, and out again like a peck from a heron's bill, and without damaging the finely cut point. A peculiar canceling mark was made upon the cheque, which was carried to a railed-in desk. A great book was opened with a bang, an entry made, the cheque dropped into a drawer, and then, in sharp, business-like tones, Mr. Thickens asked the question he had been asking for the last twenty years, —

"How will you have it?"

Miss Heathery chirped out her wishes, and Mr. Thickens counted out two sovereigns twice over, rattled them into a bright copper shovel, and cleverly threw them before the customer's hand. A half-sovereign was treated similarly, but retained with the left hand till a half-crown and shilling were ready, then all these coins were thrust over together, without the copper shovel, and the transaction would have been ended, only that Miss Heathery said sweetly, —

"Would you mind, Mr. Thickens, giving me some smaller change?"

Mr. Thickens bowed, and, taking back the half-crown, changed it for two shillings and a sixpence, all bearing the round, honest countenance of King George III., upon which Miss Heathery beamed as she slipped the coins in the blue and orange purse.

"I hope Mr. Hallam is quite well, Mr. Thickens."

"Quite well, ma'am."

"And the gold and silver fish?"

"Quite well, ma'am," said Mr. Thickens, a little more austere.

"I always think it so curiously droll, Mr. Thickens, your keeping gold and silver fish," simpered Miss Heathery. "It always seems as if the pretty things had something to do with the bank, and that their scales —"

"Would some day turn into sixpences and half-sovereigns, eh, ma'am?" said the bank clerk sharply.

"Yes — exactly, Mr. Thickens."

"Ah, well, ma'am, it's a very pretty idea, but that's all. It isn't solid."

"Exactly, Mr. Thickens. My compliments to Mr. Hallam. Good-day."

"If that woman goes on making that joke about my fish many more times I shall kill her!" said James Thickens, giving his head a vicious rub. "An old idiot!

I wish she'd keep her money at home. I believe she passes her time in writing cheques, getting 'em changed, and paying the money in again, as an excuse for something to do, and for the sake of calling here. I'm not such an ass as to think it's to see me; and as to Hallam — well, who knows? Perhaps she means Sir Gordon. There's no telling where a woman may hang up her heart."

James Thickens returned to his desk after a glance down the main street, which looked as solemn and quiet as if there were no inhabitants in the place; so still was it, that no explanation was needed for the presence of a good deal of fine grass cropping up between the paving-stones. The houses looked clean and bright in the clear sunshine, which made the wonderfully twisted and floral-looking iron support of the George sign sparkle where the green paint was touched up with gold. The shadows were clearly cut and dark, and the flowers in the George window almost glittered, so bright were their colors. An elderly lady came across the market-place, in a red shawl and carrying a pair of patters in one hand, a dead-leaf tinted gingham umbrella in the other, though it had not rained for a month and the sky was without a cloud.

That red shawl seemed, as it moved, to give light and animation for a few minutes to the place; but as it disappeared round the corner by the George, the place was all sunshine and shadow once more. The uninhabited look came back, and James Thickens pushed up his spectacles and began to write, his pen scratching and wheezing over the thick, hand-made paper till a tremendous nose-blowing and a quick step were heard, and the clerk said "Gemp."

The next minute there was the sharp tap of a stick on the step continued on the floor, and the owner of that name entered with his coat tightly buttoned across his chest.

He was a sharp-looking man of sixty, with rather obstinate features, and, above all, an obstinate beard, which seemed as if it refused to be shaved, remaining in stiff, grey, wiry patches in corners and on prominences, as well as down in little ravines cut deeply in his face. His eyes, which were dark and sharp, twinkled and looked inquisitive, while, in addition, there was a restless, wandering irregularity in their movements as if in turn each was trying to make out what its fellow was doing on the other side of that big, bony nose.

"Morning, Mr. Thickens, sir, morning," in a coffee-grinding tone of voice; "I want to see the chief."

"Mr. Hallam? Yes; I'll see if he's at liberty, Mr. Gemp."

"Do, Mr. Thickens, sir, do; but one moment," he continued, leaning over and taking the clerk by the coat. "Don't you think I slight you, Mr. Thickens; not a bit, sir, not a bit. But when a man has a valuable deposit to make, eh? you see? it isn't a matter of trusting this man or that; he sees the chief."

Mr. Gemp drew himself up, slapped the bulgy left breast of his buttoned-up coat, nodded sagely, and blew his nose with a snort like a blast on a cowhorn, using a great blue cotton handkerchief with white spots.

Mr. James Thickens passed through a glass door, covered on the inner side with dark green muslin, and returned directly to usher the visitor into the presence of Robert Hallam, the business manager of Dixons' Bank.

The room was neatly furnished, half office, half parlor, and but for a pair of crossed cutlasses over the chimney-piece, a bell-mouthed brass blunderbuss, and a pair of rusty, flint-lock pistols, the place might have been the ordinary sitting-room of a man of quiet habits. There was another object though in one corner, which took from the latter aspect, this being the door of the cupboard which, instead of ordinary painted panel, was of strong iron a couple of inches thick.

"Morning, Mr. Hallam, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Gemp."

The manager rose from his seat at the baize-covered table to shake hands and point to a chair, and then, resuming his own, he crossed his legs and smiled blandly as he waited to hear his visitor's business.

Mr. Gemp's first act was to spread his blue handkerchief over his knees, and then begin to stare about the room, after carefully hooking himself with his thick oak stick, which he passed over his neck and held with both hands as if he felt himself to be rather an errant kind of sheep which needed the restraint of the crook.

"Loaded?" he said suddenly, after letting his eyes rest upon the firearms.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gemp, they are all loaded," replied the manager, smiling. "But I suppose I need not get them down; you are not going to make an attack?"

"Me? attack? eh? Oh, you're joking. That's a good one. Ho! ha! ha!"

Mr. Gemp's laugh was not pleasant, on account of dental defects. It was rather boisterous too, and his neck shook itself free of the crook; but he hooked himself again, grew composed, and nodded once more in the direction of the chimney.

"Them swords sharp?"

"As razors, Mr. Gemp."

"Are they now? Well, that's a blessing. Fire-proof, I suppose?" he added, nodding towards the safe.

"Fire-proof, burglar-proof, bank-proof, Mr. Gemp," said the manager smiling. "Dixons neglect nothing for the safety of their customers."

"No, they don't, do they?" said Mr. Gemp, holding on very tightly to the stick, keeping himself down as it were and safe as well.

"No, sir, they neglect nothing."

"I say," said Mr. Gemp, leaning forward, after a glance over his shoulder towards the bank counter, and Mr. Thickens's back, dimly seen through the muslin, "does the new parson bank here?"

The manager smiled, and looked very hard at the bulge in his visitor's breast pocket, a look which involuntarily made the old man change the position of his hooked stick by bringing it down across his breast as if to protect the contents.

"Now, my dear Mr. Gemp, you do not expect an answer to that question. Do you suppose I have ever told anybody that you have been here three times to ask me whether Dixons would advance you a hundred pounds at five per cent.?"

"On good security, eh?" interposed the old man sharply; "only on good security."

"Exactly, my dear sir. Why, you don't suppose we make advances without?"

"No, of course not, eh? not to anybody, eh, Mr. Hallam?" said the old man eagerly. "You could not oblige me now with a hundred, say at seven and a half? I'm a safe man, you know. Say at seven and a half per cent. on my note of hand. You wouldn't, would you?"

"No, Mr. Gemp, nor yet at ten per cent. Dixons are not usurers, sir. I can let you have a hundred, sir, any time you like, upon good security, deeds or the like, but not without."

"Hah! you are particular. Good way of doing business, sir. Hey, but I like you to be strict."

"It is the only safe way of conducting business, Mr. Gemp."

"I say though — oh, you are close! — close as a cash-box, Mr. Hallam, sir; but what do you think of the new parson?"

"Quiet, pleasant, gentlemanly young man, Mr. Gemp."

"Yes, yes," cried the visitor, hurting himself by using his crook quite violently, and getting it back round his neck; "but a mere boy, sir, a mere boy. He's driven me away. I'm not going to church to hear him while there's a chapel. I want to know what the bishop was a-thinking about."

"Ah! but he's a scholar and a gentleman, Mr. Gemp," said the manager blandly.

"Tchuck! so was the young doctor who set up and only lasted a year. If you were ill, sir, you wouldn't have gone to he; you'd have gone to Dr. Luttrell. If I've got vallerable deeds to deposit, I don't go to some young clever-shakes who sets up in business, and calls himself a banker, I come to Dixons."

"And so you have some valuable deeds, you want us to take care of for you, Mr. Gemp?" said the manager sharply.

"Eh, I didn't say so, did I?"

"Yes; and you want a hundred pounds. Shall I look at the deeds?"

Mr. Gemp brought his oaken crook down over his breast, and his quick, shifty eyes turned from the manager to the lethal weapons over the chimney, then to the safe, then to the bank, and Mr. Thickens's back.

"I say," he said at last, "aren't you scared about being robbed?"

"Robbed! oh, dear no. Come, Mr. Gemp. I must bring you to the point. Let me look at the deeds you have in your pocket; perhaps there will be no need to send them to our solicitor. A hundred pounds, didn't you say?"

The old man hesitated, and looked about suspiciously for a few moments before meeting the manager's eyes. Then he succumbed before the firm, keen, searching look.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I said a hundred pounds, but I don't want no hundred pounds. I want you —"

He paused for a few moments with his hands at his breast, as if to take a long breath, and then, as if by a tremendous wrench, he mastered his fear and suspicion.

"I want you to take care of these for me."

He tore open his breast and brought out quickly a couple of dirty yellow parchments and some slips of paper, roughly bound in a little leather folio.

The manager stretched his hand across the table and took hold of the parch-

ments; but the old man held on by one corner for a few moments till Hallam raised his eyebrows and smiled, when the visitor uttered a deep sigh, and thrust parchments and little folio hastily from him.

"Lock 'em up in yonder iron safe," he said hoarsely, taking up his blue handkerchief to wipe his brow. "It's open now, but you'll keep it locked, won't you?"

"The deeds will be safe, Mr. Gemp," said the manager, coolly throwing open the parchment. "Ah! I see: the conveyances to a row of certain messuages."

"Yes, sir; row of houses, Gemp's Terrace, all my own, sir; not a penny on 'em."

"And these? Ah, I see, bank-warrants. Quite right, my dear sir, they will be safe. And you do not need an advance?"

"Tchuck! what should I want with an advance. There's a good fifteen hundred pound there — all my own. Now you give me a writing, saying you've got 'em to hold for me, and that will do."

The manager smiled as he wrote out the document, while Mr. Gemp, who seemed as much relieved as if he had been eased of an aching tooth, rose to make a closer inspection of the loaded pistols and the bell-mouthed brass blunderbuss, all of which he tapped gently in turn with the hook of his stick.

"There you are, Mr. Gemp," said the manager, smiling. "Now you can go home and feel at rest, for your deeds and warrants will be secure."

"Yes, sir, to be sure; that's the way," said the old man, hastily reading the memorandum and then placing it in a very old leather pocket-book; "but, if you wouldn't mind, sir, Mr. Hallam, sir, I should like to see you lock them all in yonder."

"Well, then, you shall," said the manager good-humoredly; and taking up the packets, he tied them together with some green ferret, swung open the heavy door, which creaked upon its pivots, stepped inside, turned a key with a rattle, and opened a large iron chest, into which he threw the deeds, shut the lid with a clang, locked it ostentatiously, took out the key, backed out, and then closed and locked the great door of the safe.

"There, Mr. Gemp; I think you'll find they are secure now."

"Safe! safe as the bank!" said the old man with an admiring smile as, with a sigh of relief, he picked up his old rough beaver hat from the floor, stuck it on rather sidewise, and with a short good-

morning, stamped out, tapping the floor as he went.

"Good morning, Mr. Thickens, sir," he said, pausing at the outer door to look back over his shoulder at the clerk. "I've done my bit o' business with the manager. It's all right."

"Good morning, Mr. Gemp," said Thickens quietly; and then to himself, as the tap of the stick was heard going down the street, "An important old idiot!"

Several little bits of business were transacted, and then, according to routine, the manager came behind the counter to relieve his lieutenant, who put on his hat and went to his dinner.

During his absence the manager took his place at his subordinate's desk, and was very busy making a few calculations, after divers references to a copy of yesterday's *Times*, which came regularly by coach.

These calculations made him thoughtful, and he was in the middle of one when his face changed, and turned of a strange waxen hue, but he recovered himself directly.

"Might have expected it," he said softly; and he went on writing as some one entered the bank.

The visitor was a thin, dejected-looking youth of about two-and-twenty, shabbily dressed in clothes that did not fit him. His face was of a sickly pallor, as if he had just risen from an invalid couch, an idea strengthened by the extremely shortly cut hair, whose deficiency was made the more manifest by his wearing a hat a full size too large. This was drawn down closely over his forehead, his pressed-out ears acting as brackets to keep it from going lower still.

He was a tamed-down, feeble-looking being, but the spirit was not all gone; for, as he came down the street, with the genial friendliness of all dogs towards one who seems to be a stranger and down in the world, Miss Heathery's fat, ill-conditioned terrier, that she pampered under the belief that it was a dog of good breed, being in an evil temper consequent upon not having been taken for a walk by its mistress, rushed out baying, barking, and snapping at the stranger's heels.

"Get out, will you?" he shouted; but the dog barked the more, and the stranger looked as if about to run. In fact, he did run a few yards, but as the dog followed, he caught up a flower-pot from a handy window sill — every one had flower-pots at King's Castor — and hurled it at Miss Heathery's dog.

There was a yell, a crash and explosion as if of a shell; Miss Heathery's dog fled, and, without waiting to encounter the owner of the flower-pot, the stranger hurried round the corner, and after an inquiry or two made for the bank.

"Vicious little beast! Wish I'd killed it," he grumbled, giving the hat a hoist behind which necessitated another in front, and then the equilibrium adjusting at the sides. "Wonder people keep dogs," he continued. "A nuisance. Wish I was a dog — somebody's dog, and well fed. Lead a regular dog's life, worse than a dog's life, and get none of the bones. Perhaps I shall, though, now."

The young man looked anything but a bank customer, but he did not hesitate. Merely stopping to give his coat a drag down, and then, tilting his hat slightly, he entered with a swagger, and walked up to the broad counter. Upon this he rested a gloveless hand, an act which seemed to give a little more steadiness to his weak frame.

"Rob," he said.

The manager raised his head with an affected start.

"Oh, you don't know me, eh?" said the visitor. "Well, I s'pose I am a bit changed."

"Know you? You wish to see me?" said Hallam coolly.

"Yes, Mr. Robert Hallam; I've come down from London on purpose. I couldn't come before," he added meaningly, "but now I want to have a talk to you."

"Stephen Crellock! Why you are changed."

"Yes, as aforesaid."

"Well, sir. What is it you want with me?" said the manager coldly.

"What do I want with you, eh? Oh, come, that's rich! You're a lucky one, you are. I go to prison, and you get made manager down here. Ah! you see I know all about it."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Then I'll tell you, my fine fellow. Some men never get found out, some do; that's the difference between us two. I've gone to the wall — inside it," he added, with a sickly grin. "You've got to be quite the gentleman. But they'll find you out some day."

"Well, sir, what is this to lead up to?" said Hallam.

"Oh, I say, though, Rob Hallam, this is too rich. Manager here, and going, they say, to marry the prettiest girl in the place." Hallam started in spite of his

self-command. "And I suppose I shall be asked to the wedding, shan't I?"

"Will you be so good as to explain what is the object of this visit?" said Hallam coldly.

"Why, can't you see? I've come to the bank because I want some money. There, you need not look like that, my lad. It's my turn now, and you've got to put things a bit straight for me, after what I suffered sooner than speak."

"Do you mean you have come here to insult me and make me send for a constable?" cried Hallam.

"Yes, if you like," said the young man, leaning forward, and gazing full in the manager's face; "send for one if you like. But you don't like, Robert Hallam. There, I'm a man of few words. I've suffered a deal just through being true to my mate, and now you've got to make it up to me."

"You scoun —"

"Sh! That'll do. Just please yourself, my fine fellow; only, if you don't play fair towards the man who let things go against him without a word, I shall just go round the town and say —"

"Silence, you scoundrel!" cried Hallam fiercely; and he caught his unpleasant visitor by the arm.

Just then James Thickens entered, as quietly as a shadow, taking everything in at a glance, but without evincing any surprise.

"Think yourself lucky, sir," continued Hallam aloud, "that I do not have you locked up. Mr. Thickens, see this man off the premises."

Then, in a whisper that his visitor alone could hear, and with a meaning look, —

"Be quiet and go. Come to my rooms to-night."

From The Spectator.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH AND THE TEACHING OF THE BLIND.

OF all the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood. Blindness and deafness are only too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions. But who ever thinks how he would be affected by deprivation of the capacity to feel, inability to distinguish by touch between smoothness and roughness, heat and cold, or by an impaired power to receive the various sensations of pain and pleasure

which reach us through the surface of the body? How is it that the same finger which tells us that a substance is hard or soft, tells us also that it is hot or cold? Have we, as some physiologists aver, a sixth sense, that of temperature? If not, how comes it that a single touch of the finger conveys to the brain, in the same instant, two distinct impressions, perhaps three, for the substance in question may be wet, as well as hot or cold, hard or soft? Physiologists cannot tell us; they only know that the sensations so conveyed are separable, and that the ways by which they reach the brain are not the same. The subject is by no means new, but fresh light has lately been thrown on it by the researches of two Swiss *savants*, M. A. Herzen and Professor Soret. The observations of these gentlemen, besides being highly interesting, psychologically as well as physiologically, are of considerable practical importance in their relation to the training of the blind.

Pressure on a limb — as, for instance, when we fall asleep lying on one of our arms — if continued for some time, makes it more or less numb. It gradually loses the power of transmitting sensations to the brain. According to the observations of M. Herzen, the first sense lost is that of touch, the second that of cold, the third that of pain, the last that of heat. He says that when one of his arms is so torpid that he has to feel for it with the other, and it is impervious to a pinch or a prick, it is still sensible to the warmth of the other hand. If the pressure be prolonged, the limb ceases to be affected even by heat. There are people, otherwise healthy, whose capacity of feeling is so far incomplete that they never know what it is to be cold; so far as sensations conveyed by the skin are concerned, winter is the same to them as summer. This probably arises from an abnormal condition of the spinal cord. M. Herzen mentions the case of an old woman whose legs, partially paralyzed, could feel only pain and cold. At her autopsy it was found that the spinal cord in the neighborhood of the nervous centres of the back was shrivelled, and otherwise in an unhealthy state. But M. Herzen has not rested content with observations on his own species; he has made experiments on the lower animals, classified several of the sensations of touch, and discovered their localizations in the organism; and Professor Soret, taking up the psychological branch of the subject, has tried to find out how far the sense of touch may be made to convey

to the sightless an idea of the beautiful. For as a deaf musician may enjoy music, despite his deafness, so may a blind man find pleasure in beauty of form, notwithstanding his blindness. In the one case, the pleasure comes from the rhythm, or rather from sonorous vibrations in the air, produced by the playing; in the other, from the symmetry and regularity of the object handled. "When music is going on, I feel something here," said to M. Soret a deaf-mute who enjoyed operas, putting his hand on his stomach. The blind, even those born blind, as Professor Soret has ascertained by inquiries among the inmates of the Blind Asylum of Lausanne, have the same love of symmetry as the deaf. The girl embroiderers attach much importance to the perfect regularity of the designs which they are required to repeat in their work. The basket-makers insist on the willow withes they use being all straight and of the same length. Solutions of continuity in the things they handle are, to the blind, indications of ugliness. They like evenness of surface, regularity of shape; a cracked pot, a rough table, or a broken chair causes them positive discomfort. But to create in the mind of a person born blind an artistic idea, involves a measure of psychological development which it is very difficult to impart, and requires from both teacher and scholar great patience and long-sustained effort. The imagination—the faculty of representation, as it has been called—though partly inborn, is much more the result of a long series of automatic experiments in which all the senses co-operate, mutually controlling and correcting each other. This faculty is naturally less developed with the sightless than the seeing. If even many educated people who from their youth upwards have been reading books and seeing pictures, find it hard to realize to themselves scenes they have never beheld, how much harder must it be for the blind to identify this or that outline with beauty, or the reverse! At the sight of a picture or a design, we straightway and without effort represent to ourselves the object delineated in all its three dimensions. It never occurs to us to think that the horse, or the man, or the mountain, is nothing more than a combination of colors laid on a flat piece of canvas. The mere feeling of a picture, albeit in relief, cannot possibly convey the same impression as an ordinary painting, for to the blind, perspective and foreshortening must be mysteries so profound as to be hardly capable of comprehension. Nevertheless,

the difficulty is not insurmountable. Professor Soret mentions the case of a blind rustic, accustomed to horses, who without help succeeded in selecting from a number of other designs, in relief, the figure of the animal with which he was most familiar. A youth of quick apprehension and vivid, though undeveloped, imaginative power, he had handled horses in his father's or his master's stable until he had mentally created an ideal horse so like the original, that he was able to recognize by his fingers its counterfeit presentment. Another boy, born blind, but thoroughly educated, was able to pick out a bird, yet he admitted that, unless he had previously handled a stuffed specimen, he would have had great difficulty in identifying the figure, and realizing what the original was like. In other words, mere description is not enough; a blind man cannot mentally see a thing, or even recognize it when laid in a touchable form before him, unless he has first familiarized himself by actual experience with its outward shape. It would thus seem that the faculty we call imagination depends nearly altogether on the sense of sight. If we have seen a hill, we may have an idea of what a mountain is like; by seeing a lake, we get a notion of the sea; but if we never saw either a tree or the picture of one, not all the word-painting that was ever penned would convey any true or adequate idea of an ordinary wood, much less of the wondrous beauty and bewildering grandeur of a tropical forest. We should be so far blind; and the blind can image to themselves only that which they can feel with their hands. All the same, thanks to their innate love or rhythm and regularity, they can be taught through the sense of touch to appreciate shapeliness, to find an æsthetic pleasure in sculptures, in certain of the decorative arts, and in raised pictures. They may even learn not only to recognize their friends by feeling their features, but to single out a pretty woman and a handsome man. As to this Professor Soret relates an amusing and suggestive anecdote. Some time ago, three professors made a visit to the Lausanne Asylum. One was a stalwart and handsome Swede, with a splendid head; the second, an exceptionally ugly Swiss, with a head "that left a good deal to be desired;" the third, an average mortal of ordinary appearance. Among the inmates of the asylum was a poor deaf-mute, of the name of Meystre, blind from his birth, but highly impressionable, and quick to distinguish between

shapes that conformed to his ideal of the beautiful and those that did not. The feeling of a deformed or mutilated man, for instance, would sometimes draw from him signs of compassion and sympathy, at others strange grimaces and mocking laughter. On being told to examine the three visitors, Meystre showed great admiration for the Swede; but on passing to the Swiss, he seemed greatly amused, indulged in his usual mocking laughter, and by his gestures made it understood that he thought the man had no back to his head, which he seemed to consider an excellent joke. The result of the third examination was negative. It produced no sign either of satisfaction or displeasure.

These facts seem to show, and in Professor Soret's opinion prove beyond a doubt, that, so far as the "human form divine" is concerned, the blind possess the same ideal of beauty as those who see, and that this ideal is innate; and he is anxious that those who have charge of the sightless should make every effort to cultivate their æsthetic tastes, that by means of cardboard models in relief, and other expedients, they should be familiarized with the highest types of human beauty, which occupy so large a place in all literatures. By this widening of their conceptions, they would be enabled to understand allusions and descriptions in poetry and elsewhere which at present they must find utterly incomprehensible. The better to accomplish this object, Professor Soret has drawn up a complete programme; and seeing how hard life is for the blind, and from how many pleasures they are debarred, we may heartily applaud this effort to ameliorate their sufferings by opening to them new horizons, and wish it every success.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE SYNAGOGUE IN BEVIS MARKS.

WHEN Stow wrote his now classic "Survey," Bevis Marks (or Bury's Marks, as it was then called) was the house of the Abbots of Bury. It was at that time a fashionable place, with its handsome mansions surrounded by spacious courtyards and gardens. It is now a somewhat dingy commercial thoroughfare, the warehouse monotony of which is only relieved by the presence of a fine old synagogue, which boasts of being the oldest Jewish house of worship in England. There is a scheme afoot now for demolishing this interesting

building; and an indignation meeting was held on Sunday evening at the Jewish Working Men's Club to protest against its destruction.

The Bevis Marks synagogue was not the first place of worship established by the Jews after their readmission into England under Cromwell. Thomas Greenhalgh visited a small synagogue in King Street, Aldgate, in the year 1662. The first Jewish settlers, who were largely of Spanish extraction, appear to have been attracted to the locality by the fact that a small Spanish colony already existed there; the residence of the Spanish ambassador having at one time been in the immediate neighborhood. In the year 1698 the King Street building was found no longer large enough to accommodate the congregation, and the present site in Bevis Marks (then known as Plough-yard) was bought for the building of a new synagogue. A lease was granted by the freeholders, Sir Thomas and Lady Pointz; and the edifice was raised by a generous Quaker builder; who, as Mr. Piciotto relates, declared on the day of the opening that he could not retain for his own use money intended for the erection of a temple of God, and asked the wardens to accept from him the amount of the profit he had realized on the contract. Many of the old wooden benches were transferred from King Street to Bevis Marks, where they stand to this day, together with some of the brass candlesticks which had been brought over from Holland by the followers of Menasseh ben Israel. Queen Anne seems to have taken some little interest in the building; for we learn that she presented a beam to the congregation, which still forms part of the ceiling of the synagogue.

For nearly forty years the history of the building was comparatively uneventful. In 1738 it was injured to some extent by a fire which destroyed the contiguous houses; and ten years later a flutter of excitement was caused in the congregation by the public spirit of a wealthy member named Benjamin Mendez da Costa, who purchased the remainder of the lease and presented it to the wardens "for the benefit of the Holy Congregation of the Gates of Heaven," as it was called. Mendez da Costa was a descendant of a crypto-Jew, who had been court physician to King John IV. of Portugal, and who came in the suite of Catherine of Braganza to England, where he publicly joined the brethren from whom the laws of his country had so long divided him. He was also a

relative of the Mrs. Brydges Williams who left £40,000 to Lord Beaconsfield in recognition of "his championship of the cause of Israel," and who was herself a sister-in-law of Rachel Disraeli, the late prime minister's aunt. Her first husband, Moses Lara, was a generous benefactor of the synagogue.

The government of Bevis Marks is very curious, especially when it is considered that its form is of great antiquity among the Spanish Jews. It is really a kind of constitutional republic, consisting of a ministry, senate, and popular assembly. The executive is invested in the wardens and treasurer, forming a Cabinet of five, termed the Mohamad. Then there are departmental ministers or Parnassim, administering the dependent institutions, without seats in the Cabinet. Among the most interesting of these are the Parnass of Terra Santa and Cantivos, whose duties consist in administering the funds contributed for the benefit of the Holy Land and for the ransom of Jewish captives in the hands of the Barbary pirates, and the Parnass of the Wax, responsible for the rather valuable stock of candles used during divine service. These officers find now little or nothing to do. The elders, who form a kind of senate, consist of ex-wardens; and the Yehidrin, or seat-holders, are an elective and deliberative body equivalent to a local House of Commons. The Parnass Presidente is of course the premier; and in the background are the great body of non-contributing Spanish Jews, who form the people and are called Congregantes. The seats in the synagogue are not let at any fixed sums, but are perfectly free; the annual income being derived from an assessment on the Yehidrin according to their means. In the early days of Bevis Marks the gentlemen of the Mohamad exercised uncontested authority over the whole Hispano-Jewish community in London, trying cases that now would come before the civil courts and levying fines and inflicting other punishments at will.

It is not surprising that many Jews should hold this building in affection and reverence. Founded by a contingent of the heroic Jews of Spain, whose history is at once the most brilliant and the most romantic in the post-Biblical annals of Judaism, it is the only link now connecting the Israelites of England—mostly of Polish extraction—with a past of which their race all over the world is extremely and justly proud. The walls of the lobbies and vestry-room are covered with

names which recall some of the most famous episodes in Jewish history—names in almost every case instinct with the memories of noble-minded sons of Israel whose fidelity to their ancestral faith has been the marvel of history. There we may read of Abarbanels, whose forefathers were statesmen and who traced their lineage from King David; of the Lamegos, whose ancestor first brought the intelligence to Europe that there was a south cape of Africa that could be doubled; of the famous Mendez da Costas; of the Lousadas, who still preserve a Spanish patent of nobility in their family; of the early Montefiores, Mocattas, and, indeed, all that the English Jewry has had to be proud of. The vestry-room itself, with its quaint canopied president's chair, its old-fashioned candlesticks, and its historic portraits, is hardly less interesting. It was in that room that the struggle for Jewish emancipation was first organized.

Jehuda Halevi, the most soul-stirring of mediæval Jewish poets, described his brethren as the emotional centre in the great corpus of humanity. But only the other day the Pereires of Paris, who had been fortunate enough to obtain possession of the sepulchres of the kings of Judah at Jerusalem, made them over to the gentle government of France; and now their co-religionists in this country are thinking of selling the cradle of the Anglo-Jewish community at so much per superficial foot.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MR. RUSKIN'S EARLY THEATRE-GOING AND LOVE-MAKING.

IN the tenth chapter of "Præterita," which has just been issued, Mr. Ruskin gives an account of his early ideas about theatre-going. He says:—

It puzzles me that I have no recollection of any first sight and hearing of an opera. Not even, for that matter, of my first going to a theatre, though I was full twelve before being taken; and afterwards, it was a matter of intense rapture, of a common sort, to be taken to a pantomime. And I greatly enjoy the theatre to this day—it is one of the pleasures that have least worn out; yet I have no memory whatever, and am a little proud to have none, of my first theatre. To be taken now at Paris to the feebly dramatic "Puritani" was no great joy to me; but I then heard—it will always be a rare, and only once or twice in a century possible, thing to hear—four great

musicians, all rightly to be called of genius, singing together with sincere desire to assist each other, not eclipse, and to exhibit, not only their own power of singing, but the beauty of the music they sang. Still more fortunately it happened that a woman of faultless genius led the following dances — Taglioni; a person of the highest natural faculties, and staintlessly simple character, gathered with sincerest ardor and reverence into her art. My mother, though she allowed me without serious remonstrance to be taken to the theatre by my father, had the strictest Puritan prejudice against the stage; yet enjoyed it so much that I think she felt the sacrifice she made in not going with us to be a sort of price accepted by the laws of virtue for what was sinful in her concession to my father and me. She went, however, to hear and see this group of players, renowned, without any rivals, through all the cities of Europe; and, strange and pretty to say, her instinct of the innocence, beauty, and wonder, in every motion of the grace of her century, was so strong, that from that time forth my mother would always, at a word, go with us to see Taglioni.

Afterwards, a season did not pass without his hearing twice or thrice, at least, those four singers.

I learned the better because my ear was never jaded the intention of the music written for them, or studied by them; and am extremely glad now that I heard their renderings of Mozart and Rossini, neither of whom can be now said ever to be heard at all, owing to the detestable quickening of the time. Grisi and Malibran sang at least one-third slower than any modern cantatrice; and Patti, the last time I heard her, massacred Zerlina's part in "La ci darem," as if the audience and she had but the one object of getting Mozart's air done with as soon as possible.

An interesting passage relates to a visit paid to his home at Herne-hill by Mr. Domecq, his father's partner in Spain, and his four daughters. After describing the girls separately, and then collectively as "a galaxy, a southern cross of unconceived stars, floating on a sudden into my obscure firmament of London suburb," he proceeds:—

How my parents could allow their young novice to be cast into the fiery furnace of the outer world in this helpless manner the reader may wonder, and only the Fates know; but there was this excuse for them, that they had never seen me the least interested or anxious about girls — never caring to stay in the prom-

enades at Cheltenham or Bath, or on the parade at Dover; on the contrary, growling and mewing if I was ever kept there, and off to the sea or the fields the moment I got leave; and they had educated me in such extremely orthodox English Toryism and Evangelicalism that they could not conceive their scientific, religious, and George III. revering youth wavering in his constitutional balance towards French Catholics. I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls — who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes, but the Mercredi des cendres lasted four years.

This is his account of how he made love to one of the four southern belles:—

Clotilde (Adèle Clotilde in full, but her sisters called her Clotilde, after the queen-saint, and I Adèle, because it rhymed to shell, spell, and knell) was only made more resplendent by the circlet of her sisters' beauty; while my own shyness and unrepresentableness were farther stiffened, or rather sanded, by a patriotic and Protestant conceit, which was tempered neither by politeness nor sympathy; so that, while in company I sate jealously miserable like a stock-fish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium trying to get up the glass), on any blessed occasion of *l'été-à-l'été* I endeavored to entertain my Spanish-born, Paris-bred, and Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation. I dared not address any sonnets straight to herself; but when she went back to Paris, wrote her a French letter seven quarto pages long, descriptive of the desolations and solitudes of Herne-hill since her departure. The old people, meanwhile, saw little harm in all this. Mr. Domecq, who was extremely good-natured, and a good judge of character, rather liked me, because he saw that I was good-natured also, and had some seedling brains, which would come up in time: in the interests of the business he was perfectly ready to give me any of his daughters I liked, who could also be got to like me, but considered that the time was not come to talk of such things. My father was entirely of the same mind. My mother — who looked upon the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic as too monstrous to be possible in the decrees of Heaven, and too preposterous to be even guarded against on earth — was rather annoyed at the whole business, as she would have been if one of her chimneys had begun smoking, but had not the slightest notion her house was on fire.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. — A singular scene was witnessed one day last autumn in Westminster Abbey. A large number of devout persons came to pray before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, quietly coming and quietly going; and certainly the Abbey is open to worshippers of all creeds, if the paraphernalia of strange worship are not obtruded. It was on the 13th October, which, although not a festival in the English Church, is consecrated in the Romish Calendar to King Edward. The new-built abbey had been consecrated only a few days before the death of the Saxon king, on January 5th, the last of the line of Cerdic. The death-bed scene is recorded by several chroniclers, and is vividly described by Lord Lytton in his historical romance of "Harold," where also the mooted question is learnedly discussed, in a note, as to the assignment of the crown by the dying king, and the nature of the claims of William the Norman in opposition to those of Harold. It is a curious point in history, who crowned the new king. The two great prelates of the realm, Alred and Stigand, both took part; according to usage, for at the coronation of Ethelred II., the service for which is still extant, two bishops officiated. The Norman chroniclers, and, more notably, the Bayeux tapestry, make Stigand officiate, as if to convey the insinuation that Harold was not lawfully crowned, Stigand being then under the ban of the pope. But other chroniclers expressly say that Alred officiated in the crowning. So Harold, son of Earl Godwin, became king, and reigned till the fatal day of Hastings. Edward the Confessor, while distinguished for piety, was not without touches of a brave, kingly nature, as appears in his message to Magnus, who as heir of Canute claimed the English crown. Snorro Sturleson records the reply of Edward: "When Hardicanute died, it was the resolution of the people to take me for the king here in England. So long as I had no kingly title I served my superiors in all respects, like those who have no claims by birth to land or kingdom. Now, however, I have received the kingly title, and am consecrated king; I have established my royal dignity and authority, as my father before me; and while I live I will not renounce my title. If King Magnus comes here with an army I will gather an army against him, but he shall only get the opportunity of taking England when he has taken my life. Tell him these words of mine." It is probable that Godwin dictated this reply to Magnus of Denmark, but in any case Edward is entitled to the honor of the spirited words, and it is noticeable that he rested his royal title on the will of the English people.

EARLY YEARS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. — In the Greville "Memoirs" are interesting recollections of Queen Victoria after her accession to the throne. Her Majesty

showed her independence in political affairs, and sometimes she expressed herself with a firm determination which reminded Greville of Elizabeth's strength of will. Nor did she shelter herself behind her resolutions without giving reasons. In the affair of the bed-chamber women she had insisted on keeping her ladies, nor could Peel shake her determination. He sent Lord Ashley as envoy, who failed likewise. Then with the Duke of Wellington he sought another personal interview: "When the duke and Peel saw her, and endeavored to persuade her to yield this point, they found her firm and immovable, and not only resolved not to give way, but prepared with answers to all they said and arguments in support of her determination. They told her she must consider her *ladies* in the same light as *lords*. She said, 'No; I have lords besides, and these I give up to you.' And when they still pressed her, she said, 'Now, suppose the case had been reversed, that you had been in office when I came to the throne, and that Lord Melbourne would not have required this sacrifice of me?' Finding that she would not give way, Peel informed her that under these circumstances he must consult his friends." She had been crowned nearly a year before, and a curious incident had occurred in the middle of the solemnity. "The ruby ring had been made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on she extended the former, but he said that it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and as he insisted she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off."

THE method of placing electric lamps in front of locomotives to illuminate the line, has been tried on many lines, but apparently has not found much favor. Recent experience in Russia appears to show that financial considerations are not alone unfavorable to the system. On the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow several locomotives were fitted with electric lamps. For a time they gave great satisfaction, lighting the way more than a kilometre in front. But the *employés* began to complain of the contrast between the lighted and the unlighted surfaces painfully affecting the eyes; and doctors ere long reported that there had been several cases of grave injury to the eyes in this way. Hence the lamps were abandoned. The directors have not, however, given up the idea of better illumination of the line, and they now contemplate placing electric lamps so as to illuminate about one kilometre on either side of the station.

Nature.